

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

If it is possible to put into a single sentence the fundamental difference between the Roman and the Reformed Churches this might be the sentence: The Roman Church holds that some Christians are called by God to a higher degree of holiness than others, the Reformed Church believes that all are called alike to the highest possible holiness. In face of that difference all other differences are of small account.

This conclusion will be reached, if it has not been reached already, by the reader of a remarkable volume of *Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion* which has been published by Baron Friedrich von HÜGEL, LL.D., D.D. (Dent; 15s. net). The idea that some are called to a special and quite distinct degree of nearness to God runs through the whole book. In the last address of all, an address delivered to an audience composed mainly of Anglican Churchmen, it is stated and illustrated with great intensity of speech and with great variety of illustration.

Baron von HÜGEL believes that in the separation of some to a higher life of holiness than others is to be found the strength of Roman Catholic religion. 'It expresses,' he says, 'my very deliberate, now long tested, conviction that, be the sins of commission or of omission chargeable against the Roman Catholic authorities or people what

they may, in that faith and practice is to be found a massiveness of the Supernatural, a sense of the World Invisible, of God as the soul's true home, such as exists elsewhere more in fragments and approximations and more intermittently.'

Can we agree? We do agree. We say that to find a saint we must go to the Roman Church. We do not consider what a saint is or ought to be. We take the Roman definition and example. All we consider is the fact, undeniable and unmistakable, that the Roman Church makes what might be called a specialty of saints, and that the Reformed Church does not.

But the culture of the saint is not all gain. For many a day it went on unhindered. Fostered indeed it was by every influence that an all-powerful Church could bring to bear upon it. It enjoyed what gardeners call intensive cultivation—the most intensive the world has ever seen. And what was the result? Baron von HÜGEL tells us. 'With the decay of the Middle Ages, from about A.D. 1300–1450, and then on into the (first Christian then Pagan) Renaissance and the Protestant Reformation, men largely grew weary of the monastic ideal; and, influenced as much by the atomistic and sceptical late mediæval philosophy as by the many complications brought in the course of the ages by the exempted position

of the great monastic corporations, they at last determined to dig up the very roots of all and any monasticism.'

There were reasons. There were good reasons. Baron von HÜGEL does not deny them. But he does not dwell upon them. He dwells upon the price that the half of Europe, the Reformed half, paid for 'this apparently quite simple return to the supposed utter uniformity of call for all men as described in the Gospels.' What was the price?

First of all, 'alongside of the dissolute houses,' certain monasteries were suppressed 'that were still centres of the most beneficent devotedness.' Secondly, the call to every follower of Christ to follow fully was found in 'an unlovely subtlety of interpretation of those Gospel records which, when taken quite unsophisticatedly, tell a very different tale.' Thirdly, and chiefly, that very distinction between a higher and a lower call, which means so much to Baron von HÜGEL, was lost sight of.

'The distinction here meant'—let us understand him clearly—'was all-pervasive during the Golden Middle Ages—say from A.D. 1050-1270—especially in Aquinas and in Dante; the distinction, not only between Good and Evil, but between Good and Good, between Natural Good and Supernatural Good. Thus bodily cleanliness, honesty in buying and selling, submission to the police and due tax-paying to the State, a fair amount of courage, too, in war—this and the like, with a dim sense of God—the God of Honesty—in the background, all this was held to be indeed from God, to be necessary, to be good. But it was (or would be, did it anywhere exist thus, quite unmixed with Supernature) only Natural Good. And such a simply Natural Goodness would, for survival beyond death, merely conceive or desire this Natural Goodness, with the dim background of God, to continue for ever, less suffering, offences against this rational code, and death. We have here, for a spiritual landscape, a parallel to a great

plain—say that of Lombardy—with its corn; we could now add its potatoes. Bentham amongst recent Englishmen, and Confucius amongst the great ancient and non-European moral and religious leaders, represent this sane and sensible, but dry and shallow outlook.'

Baron von HÜGEL would recall us to the distinction maintained throughout the Golden Middle Ages. To some he offers decency, to others devotedness; to some homeliness, to others heroism; to some simple justice and average fairness, to others genial generosity and overflowing self-devotion; to some the Alpine Uplands—the edelweiss and the alpenrose—to others the Lombard Plains with their corn and their potatoes.

In one of the Manuals of Fellowship of the Epworth Press (6d. net), Mr. W. R. MALTBY discusses *The Meaning of the Resurrection*.

To some good Christian people now, the meaning of the Resurrection is that there was no resurrection. Mr. MALTBY is not one of them. He does not see how you can continue to speak of a resurrection if nothing rose. He believes that Jesus was laid in the grave in the body, and in the body rose again from the dead.

But he recognizes the difficulty of the Resurrection. He feels it as sharply as any of us. More than that he sees that it was a difficulty to Jesus Himself. And the same difficulty. To us the difficulty lies in the fact that it is a miracle. That it was a miracle was precisely the difficulty which Jesus encountered in dealing with it.

For His supreme purpose was to keep His disciples in touch with Himself. The Old Testament saints desired above all else to keep in fellowship with God. It was this desire that gave them their belief in immortality. They could not bear to think of death as the end of all the joy they had in God's companionship. They came to

see that death would only open the way to a fuller access and freer enjoyment.

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This was the desire of the disciples with Jesus. And this was His desire with them. But there was a difficulty. The fellowship of Jesus with His disciples had been in the body. They had seen and handled Him, as one of them afterwards expressed it. And death had severed that line of intercourse. The death of their Master's body had interrupted their fellowship with Him. They could not simply, as the saints before them, go on enjoying the fellowship of the spirit, for the fellowship of the spirit had been ministered to them through the fellowship of the body. It was their dependence on the body for fellowship that made His death so utter a prostration.

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The difficulty was twofold. If He returned to them in the spirit they would certainly be unable to enter into the fellowship. For it would be a fellowship of which they had no conscious experience, and in such a state of disillusionment as His death had thrown them into, they would be quite unable to begin an untried experience. On the other hand, if He appeared suddenly among them in the body, as one who had risen from the dead, their consternation would probably prevent them from recognizing Him. It would certainly make it impossible for them to feel that their former intercourse with the loving human Master they had known was to proceed calmly and confidently as before.

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Two things Jesus had to do for them. He had to convince them that their fellowship was still to be with the very man whom they had known and loved. And He had to lead them away from dependence on His bodily presence into a fellowship of the Spirit. The Resurrection was necessary for both purposes. But the miracle of the Resurrection stood in the way of both.

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For in the first place, they had never been able to entertain the idea of His death and resurrection.

When the death came it was a great shock to them. When the resurrection followed it was nothing less than a consternation. Such experience as they had had of His power to raise the dead seems to have done nothing to prepare them for seeing Himself risen again. There was the utmost danger that if He appeared suddenly among them in His risen body they would be unable to receive Him as the very Master with whom they had gone in and out in the days that were past. Yet He must be the same. A spirit, without flesh and bones, would not be the same. He must appear to them in the body. But He must be careful how and when He appeared. Mr. MALTEY follows Him in the steps He took.

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One scene will be sufficient. There was a report that the tomb was empty. Peter and John heard of it, and they ran both together. 'John is describing one of the greatest moments of his life, and every detail of that morning scene is stamped for ever on his mind. As we follow him to the climax he makes it clear how the truth came home to him.

"There lie the clothes; they have fallen a little together, but are still wrapped fold over fold, and no grain of spice is displaced. The napkin, too, is lying on the low step which serves as a pillow for the head of the corpse; it is twisted into a sort of ring, and is all by itself. The very quietude of the scene makes it seem to have something to say. . . . 'All that was Jesus of Nazareth has suffered its change and is gone. We—grave-clothes and spices and napkin—belong to the earth and remain.'" John came expecting to find a violated tomb, but no human hand has wronged this place; only the hand of God has been here to do right by His only-begotten Son. The grave-clothes lying undisturbed, and the napkin in that place and in that shape—these broke the truth to John's mind. He saw and understood, and turned away to his own home to wait for what might come next. Jesus saw both Peter and John later that same day, and they were ready for Him when He came, and were not merely stupefied by overwhelming surprise.

They had pondered the significance of what had come to pass, they had steadied themselves, and were ready to meet Him worthily and move on with Him to the next lesson.'

But the miracle of the Resurrection stood also in the way of His further purpose. If it was necessary for the resumption of their intercourse that He should appear to them in the body, it was equally necessary for the continuance of that intercourse that they should be weaned from dependence on the body. But there Jesus was. They knew now that it was 'this same Jesus.' Mary in her woman's swift intuition recognized Him early and at the same moment shot out her hand to hold Him. He cannot be held. It is a curiously compressed Hebrew idiom that He uses. 'Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended.' He means, 'Touch me, if touching is meant to assure you that it is I myself; but touch me not, if it is to be a hindrance to that fuller fellowship upon which I shall enter at the ascension.'

They all knew now that it was He. And they all desired to hold Him. In this respect also the Transfiguration was a rehearsal. They would make a tabernacle for Him on the earth. But He can no more be held on the earth in bodily form than He could be held of death. And they have to know it. So after they were fully convinced and had resumed their fellowship with Him, He led them out as far as Bethany, was parted from them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. There was no doubt in their minds that it was He. There was no doubt that He had been taken up.

In his lecture on *The Constructive Value of the Bible* (Mowbray) which was noticed last month, Professor Walter Lock quotes the following words from Myers's *Catholic Thoughts*: 'We have to judge the Bible, and especially the Old Testament, with an Asiatic measure generally, with an antique one always. Modern Occidentalism is a wholly unjust line, if the only one; and

to apply the rules of Logic to the language of Piety or Poetry or remorselessly to analyse the warm rich life of Eastern imagery and passion is but a sign of a hopeless and fruitless exposition.'

Turn to the 137th Psalm—

By the waters of Babylon,
There we sat down, yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.
Upon the willows in the midst thereof
We hanged our harps.
For there they that led us captive required of
us songs,
And they that wasted us required of us mirth,
saying,
Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song
In a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
If I remember thee not;
If I prefer not Jerusalem
Above my chief joy.
Remember, O Lord, against the children of
Edom
The day of Jerusalem;
Who said, Rase it, rase it,
Even to the foundation thereof.
O daughter of Babylon, that art to be destroyed,
Happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee
As thou hast served us,
Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth
thy little ones
Against the rock.

What are we to do with it? There are two ways. Omit it or understand it. Dr. T. R. GLOVER sticks to it and tries to understand it.

Dr. GLOVER has published a volume of essays—*The Pilgrim* (S.C.M.; 6s. net). They are on many subjects and in many manners. But they have all the touch of the literary artist. And

better than that, though that also is good, they are all efforts to set us down beside the Oriental, whether of the Old Testament or of the New, and enable us to enter with some sympathy into 'the warm rich life of Eastern imagery and passion.' One of the essays is on the 137th Psalm.

Dr. GLOVER calls it 'An Ancient Hymn of Hate.' 'One of the happiest incidents of our late war,' he tells us, 'whether it is true or not, describes a sing-song in an English trench, and then an English soldier says, addressing two prisoners: "Our friends Hans and Fritz will now oblige with the Hymn of Hate."'

That story throws us somewhat into the situation. The Babylonians had taken and sacked Jerusalem. No modern army dare do the things which those conquerors from the Euphrates did. 'A number of the better families of the Jews were gathered to be transported to the other side of the world. The sickly were left to their fate; needless infants in arms were disposed of, the psalmist tells us how. That savage cry at the end of his Hymn of Hate is a revelation; it was his own child that he had seen so treated. With his friends and fellow-citizens he was marched northwards, following more or less the route of General Allenby. There is no other way from Jerusalem to Babylon; those who have tramped northward through Syria will best understand what that march was like. At the point where the Euphrates most closely approaches the Mediterranean they crossed the desert and marched eternally down the banks of that great river. The journey was long and tedious, but the fatigue and the hardship had this advantage, they kept men from thinking. At last they reached the place where they were to live, where their graves and the graves of their children are found to this day—Nippur. The journey was over, and they were in a new land.'

And now, 'arrived in Babylonia, and sitting by the riverside, there is talk among the prisoners and their guards, for even Babylonians were human, and

as they sit the Babylonians sing songs of their own land. By and by in a friendly spirit some one asks the Hebrew captives if they, too, will not sing.' It is the situation in which Hans and Fritz found themselves. Did they sing? The Jewish exiles did not. 'The whole nature of one poet rose up quivering with pain. He left the group by the waters of Babylon, he broke away from them, and out of the sorrow that surged through him he wrote a new song altogether, full of tears and memories, culminating in this crash of hatred—the one great authentic Hymn of Hate in the Bible.'

Do you not sympathize with him? The loved land, the city of the Great King, the loneliness of exile from the very God of Israel Himself, the vivid memory of the siege with its nameless horrors, the infants'—his own infant's—blood bespattering the stones—he realized it all. Then he threw himself into his Hymn of Hate. Eastern imagery and passion gave him a song to sing in a strange land, but not a song he could have sung in the midst of his captors.

We cannot sing it now, but we can strive to understand it.

In many books, and from many platforms, is now proclaimed the gospel of the teaching and example of Jesus. No other name but 'Jesus' will be found in the book, no other name will be heard from beginning to end of the address.

It is easy to sympathize with these writers and speakers. They address, we all address, an audience now that is educated. No doubt every member of every audience has something still to learn. But they have all learned as much as this, that the Universe they live in is reliable. It lives and moves and has its being under the direction of laws which may be depended on. Neglect or violation of these laws would turn it into chaos.

Now when you go beyond the teaching and example of Jesus you enter the realm of miracle. And as miracle is understood to mean violation of the laws of nature, no educated audience will have anything to do with it. So it comes to pass that their teachers stop short at the death of Jesus on the Cross. They preach Jesus *without* the resurrection.

It is easy, we say, to sympathize with them. Their 'honesty, ardour, and enthusiasm'—to quote words used of them by Mr. C. G. Montefiore—are unmistakable and admirable. But their wisdom is not so evident. For it is true, though the truth must be applied with discrimination, that the better is sometimes the enemy of the best. We feed infants with milk, but strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age. To feed *them* with milk is to prevent their senses being exercised to discern both good and evil.

It is undoubtedly better that young men and women of education should be kept in touch with Jesus than that they should drift away to secularism. But that better is not so good as the best. And when we see that even the teaching and example of Jesus obtain their value from the recognition of His Person, we realize that to keep in touch with the man Jesus and lose sight of the Christ of God, is not only to let go the best for the sake of the better but to suffer the loss of the better also.

For it is quite certain that neither the teaching nor the example of Jesus is of much value if it is simply the teaching and example of Jesus of Nazareth. As to the teaching, it is enough for the moment to observe how utterly bewildering then are those precepts with which the Sermon on the Mount is weighted, and how utterly preposterous (a very mild word) are those demands for personal allegiance which are made throughout the rest of the Gospels. But the example of Jesus demands consideration. It is considered in a book on *The*

Gospel and its Working, by the Rev. P. J. MACLAGAN, D.Phil. (S.C.M. ; 3s. 6d. net).

Dr. MACLAGAN is in sympathy with those who commend the teaching and example of Jesus. You read his book and for a time wonder if he is not simply one of them. But he is both a scholar and an evangelist. If not his scholarship, then his evangelism has made it impossible for him to acquiesce in the offer of the example of Jesus as a sufficient Gospel even 'to go on with.'

'It is somewhat surprising,' he says, 'to find how few are the detailed references to the example of Jesus in the New Testament apart from the Gospels. Of course, before any written Gospels were in existence, there would be an oral tradition of the life of Jesus; but for all that, or just because of that, it is surprising that in those writings addressed to the first Christians which are preserved in the New Testament there is little allusion to the earthly life of Jesus. As Professor A. Menzies has pointed out, those texts in the Epistles which refer to His example deal not so much with the events of His public ministry as with the beginning and close of His human life. In the two great passages in which Paul appeals to the example of Christ, the appeal is to His Incarnation, supplemented in one case by a reference to His death. What he set forth to the Galatians was Christ crucified. The summary of the Gospel he made known to the Corinthians was that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, that He was buried and rose again the third day and appeared to His disciples. When he exhorts Christians to love one another it is as Christ loved them in giving Himself for them. So Peter's reference to the example of Christ seems to be to His demeanour at the tragic close of His life when He was in the hands of His enemies. Nowhere is anything made of the details of the Gospel story.'

But may not the example of Jesus, little as was made of it then, be effective now in inducing men to give up the service of sin for the service of the

living and true God? Dr. MACLAGAN turns to his experience as an evangelist, the experience of many years in China. 'As it seems to have been in apostolic times, so, if I may trust my experience, is it in the mission field to-day. The evangelic preaching is of One who came down from Heaven, died for our sins, rose again after three days and after forty days ascended into Heaven. Very many of the Chinese catechumens learn about Jesus, to begin with, nothing more than this. Some may add to their account of Him that He "preached the doctrine and wrought miracles," but their knowledge of either doctrine or miracles is small. If they hold that He was good they can give no concrete example of His goodness. So little do they, to begin with, reflect on His character that some of them having been told that all men are sinners, will, in utter self-contradiction, include Him also in that generalization. The point here again is that the details of the earthly life of Jesus are little applied to as a guide in conduct. The main, almost the only, thing in view is His love in coming to this world and dying for us.'

Then Dr. MACLAGAN turns to ourselves. He is addressing an audience of educated men and women, the very audience of which we have been speaking. The chapters of his book were first given as lectures at 'a Conference of young men and women on the fundamentals of the Gospel.' And what he says to them is that 'the record of Christ's life, as it stands, is not available—without some qualification—as our rule in life.'

He gives two examples. 'I am a total abstainer. Jesus used wine, and I am told that to advocate total abstinence as a Christian duty is to reflect

on Him. I cannot avoid this conclusion if I am tied by the historical doings of Jesus. Yet for me I feel that, without judging others, it is my duty to abstain. How can I defend my position? I may urge difference of circumstances, though it can hardly be made out that in Jesus' day there was no drunkenness, or that He never drank intoxicating wine. I better defend myself by an appeal to Paul's exposition of loving self-denial for the sake of others as being the very spirit of Christ. Surely this, rather than His temporarily conditioned actions, is the standard both for me and for my critics, though they may question my application of it.'

That is the first example. The other is like it. 'Take, again, the question of vegetarianism, practised not "for the stomach's sake," but out of pity for "the lower creation" and a sense of the sacredness of all life. Is this question closed for every Christian by the example of Jesus, who was certainly no vegetarian? Shall we say that to eat flesh or fish cannot be wrong for any Christian since Jesus did so? Shall we condemn the conscientious, not, of course, the valetudinarian, eater of herbs as being a thankless despiser of God-provided food, as Chinese Christians sometimes say to converts from Buddhistic ideas? Or, at least, may we criticize him as claiming a keener moral sense than Jesus had? Is it not more in accord with the spirit of Jesus to say to him that rather than eat flesh, even though Jesus did so, he must in any case follow his own conscience? "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." As the example of a Christian brother so also the example of Jesus Himself must not embolden a man to act against his own moral insight.'

Professor Warfield.

BY THE REVEREND J. ROSS STEVENSON, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
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BENJAMIN BRECKINRIDGE WARFIELD, who died at Princeton, New Jersey, on February 16, 1921, in the seventieth year of his age, had completed forty-three years of service as a teacher of men preparing for the Christian ministry. Richly endowed with rare mental gifts, brought up in a Christian home which cherished noble family traditions and intellectual and spiritual ideals, he entered Princeton University, from which he graduated in 1871. Here he took the foremost rank in every department of instruction, but displayed a special talent for mathematics and the natural sciences, in which he attained the highest honours. It was his intention to prepare himself by further study as a teacher of science, but, as in the case of Pascal, the claims of religion silenced all other calls, and during a sojourn in Europe he decided to enter the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, the Church of his fathers. Pursuing his course of theological study in Princeton Seminary, he graduated in 1876, and continued his special preparation in the New Testament Department, studying a year in the University of Leipzig.

After his return to America his pastoral experience in the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore was of brief duration, as his scholarly attainments were at once recognized, and at the age of twenty-seven he was called to the Chair of New Testament Language and Literature in the Western Theological Seminary, located at Pittsburgh, Pa. Here he proved to be a well-equipped and stimulating instructor whose critical insight, exegetical acumen, and comprehensive grasp of Biblical truth, coupled with aptness to teach, impressed the students that to be under his tutelage was a rare privilege. For nine years he continued his faithful and painstaking work in this department of theological discipline, and, as the seasoned fruitage of his labours, published in 1886 the book which at once attained wide notoriety and gave him international recognition as an authoritative Biblical scholar, *Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament*. Soon afterwards he was called to the Charles Hodge Professorship of Didactic and Polemic Theology in Princeton Seminary. There were

those who felt that he ought not to abandon the special department for which he was so eminently fitted and undertake the more comprehensive task of Systematic Theology. But his Princeton friends and admirers were of the opinion that as Charles Hodge himself had begun his great career in the department of Biblical Exegesis, so Dr. Warfield's thorough and comprehensive study of the New Testament was an ideal preparation for the dogmatic chair. The call was accepted as the summons to a larger ministry, and for thirty-four years, up to the day of his death, 'in labours more abundant,' by profound study and extensive reading in many languages, he mastered, as few have been able to do, the whole field of theological learning. His knowledge was encyclopedic, and the ready information he could give on any subject, or regarding any book, was simply amazing. He held before his students high intellectual ideals and insisted on conscientious and thorough work. An unfair or inadequate statement by the student of an opponent's position was not tolerated. More than two thousand students for the ministry have passed under his moulding touch, and have carried the impress of his strong and commanding personality to the ends of the earth. His chief ambition was to train men for the gospel ministry who shall truly believe and cordially love, and therefore endeavour to propagate and defend in its genuineness, simplicity, and fulness that system of religious belief and practice which is set forth in the standards of the Presbyterian Church, and thus to perpetuate and extend the influence of true evangelical piety and gospel order.

While he gave himself without reserve to the supreme task of teaching candidates for the ministry, his facile pen was never idle, and year after year books, pamphlets, and reviews appeared over his signature. For twelve years he was editor of the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, and was besides its ablest contributor. When appealed to for articles by various magazines and periodicals, he responded promptly and most generously. His book, *The Lord of Glory*, a study of the designations of our Lord in the New Testament with

especial reference to His Deity, reveals the exegetical foundation of his theological teaching, burns with zealous conviction and absolute loyalty, and will have a permanent place in Christological literature. *Counterfeit Miracles*, the last book he published, is a thoroughgoing study of religious thaumaturgy from early Christian times to the present day, and deals with the whole varied and complex problems in a judicious, comprehensive, and intensely interesting manner.

Had he lived longer he might have been induced to follow the example of his illustrious predecessor, who, after he had passed his threescore years and ten, published the garnered wisdom of his life in a three-volume work on Systematic Theology; but regarding this work as the greatest system of dogmatics in the English language, having used it during the whole period of his professorship as a text-book, he evidently felt that there was little need for a similar treatise. Conservative by nature, he gave himself whole-heartedly to the defence of the Reformed Faith as embodied in the Westminster Standards. A lover as well as a defender of the truth as it is in Jesus, he was a strong and convincing preacher, whose published sermons and conference addresses will long be treasured for their deep spiritual insight and lucid apprehension of Biblical truth.

His culture was broad and his tastes varied. As a boy on his father's farm in Kentucky, he became interested in the breeding of shorthorn

cattle, and edited one of the first scientific books on that subject published in America. He made a special study of the birds in the region of his home, and was appreciative of everything artistic and poetic. He knew Browning thoroughly, and with a marvellously retentive memory could quote freely from all the great poets; and he published a collection of his own poems and hymns. His acquaintance with prominent Church leaders was most extensive, and he carried on a wide correspondence, following all his old students with an interest and affection that never waned.

During the long years, when the lovely and gifted companion of his life was a confirmed invalid, he gave himself continuously and without reserve to her care and comfort, and in his will directed that the residue of his estate should found a lectureship in the seminary as a memorial to her faith and love. Following a serious illness during the Christmas holidays, he recovered sufficiently to be able to enter the class-room once more and give an exposition of a chapter in John's First Epistle. The same evening he retired to rest, happy in the thought that he was still able to teach and minister in Christ's name. Shortly and quietly he passed into the presence of the Great Teacher, whom he loved and served. The Reformed Theology and the cause of evangelical religion have lost one of the ablest interpreters and defenders which America has ever produced.

Literature.

THE GIFFORD LECTURES.

A WEARY reader has been speaking in one of the daily newspapers about the flood of books issued or about to be issued from the press this winter season. The truth is, the time has come when we must give our mind, not to the buying of books, but to the buying of such books as will dispense with the buying of books.

There, for example, are the Gifford Lectures. What a host of books. Who can read or buy them all? Yet they cannot be ignored by any man who seeks to keep in touch with the thinking of his time. Let us look out for the book that

condenses the best of the Giffords into one volume, tells us all we need to know of their contents, relates them to one another, strengthens their strength and casts away their weakness, and then gives us a clear telling account of the progress of theistic thought since they were first established. That book has been written by Professor W. L. Davidson, LL.D. Its title is *Recent Theistic Discussion* (T. & T. Clark; 7s. 6d. net).

A GREAT HISTORY.

'The Centenary History of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was projected as an integral part of the

celebrations of 1913, and the work of abstracting reports and manuscripts was entrusted to the Rev. W. C. Bourne. A considerable amount of preparatory work was thus accomplished. The work then passed into the hands of the Rev. G. G. Findlay, D.D., at that time the Professor of New Testament Language and Literature in the Headingley College. This appointment at once met with hearty and universal approval. Dr. Findlay brought to the work, not only the trained mind and finished style of the scholar, but also a sympathy with foreign missionary work, and a comprehensive outlook upon the whole range of Church activities, such as commanded the reverent admiration of all. His capacity for research, his appreciation of the value of detail, and his grasp of the whole, indicated an ideal historian, and the depth of his personal devotion ensured that the work of recording the sacrifice and service of faith would be worthily accomplished. He gave himself up to the work with whole-hearted enthusiasm, assisted by his talented daughter, who had herself served as a Missionary in India.

'The work of examining and collating the manuscript records which contained the earliest history of the Missionary Society was enough to baffle most men, but Dr. Findlay's industry and skill were equal to the task, and his work in this particular alone will remain not the least of many monuments by which he will be remembered. But the thoroughness and completeness of his method became a difficulty, and it soon became apparent that the History would not be ready for publication in the Centenary year. At the same time it was felt—and by none more strongly than by Dr. Findlay—that the Wesleyan Church possessed in these records a wealth of which it was scarcely aware. The story of the spirit in which the Wesleyan Church went forth under the influence of the Evangelical Revival to fulfil her Master's commission, and to "make disciples of all the nations," was seen to be one which was far more than a record of the activities of a Society within the Church. It was part of the religious life of the Church universal, and as such deserved all the labour and pains that could be spent in giving it to the world, while the many examples of heroism and sacrifice it contained were such as to quicken the life of the Church in more materialistic generations. It was therefore decided that an outline History should be brought out as quickly as possible, and that the complete work

should be published afterwards. Accordingly, Dr. Findlay prepared and published in 1913 the work entitled *Wesley's World Parish*, and continued his labour of completing the larger work upon which he was engaged. But the long and brilliant service of the scholar-saint was drawing to its close. His health declined rapidly, and this caused several interruptions to his work, until on November 2, 1919, he passed to the fuller life of the unfettered spirit. At that time scarcely one-half of the work as Dr. Findlay had conceived it had been accomplished.'

What then? It was 'decided to modify Dr. Findlay's original scheme to a slight extent, and to issue the work in five volumes. The task of preparing Dr. Findlay's work for the press, and of completing the History, was committed to the writer of this Preface.'

The writer of 'this Preface' (from which we have made that long but luminous quotation) is Professor W. W. Holdsworth. By him three volumes of *The History of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society* have been issued, each volume being complete in itself, with its own index (Epworth Press; 18s. net).

Now for our part we had rather be the historian of a great Missionary Society than of the Roman Empire. It needs no courage to say so now. For we have learned this at least since Gibbon's day, we have learned to estimate values, and to put spiritual things higher than material. As soon as the Kingdom of God is placed in contrast with the kingdoms of this world, the life of a Nero or even a Domitian is seen to be not so great as the life of an Asbury or a Coke.

'Francis Asbury holds a place by himself amongst Methodist Missionaries. His genius for spiritual leadership was of the like order with that of John Wesley, and received in the new country where his lot was cast a marvellous development. He witnessed a religious transformation throughout the North American colonies no less signal and even more extensive than that which Wesley achieved in eighteenth-century England. The Episcopalian Methodism of the United States, which in its present magnitude and resources exceeds all the other branches of the common stock put together, owns Francis Asbury for its father under God. Justly has he been designated "the second greatest man in Methodism."'

'Dr. Coke had long entertained the idea of

universal evangelization as the exponent characteristic of the Methodist movement. The influence of the movement on English Protestantism had tended to such a result, for in both England and America nearly all denominations had felt the power of the great revival, not only during the days of Whitefield and Wesley, but ever since. Anglo-Saxon Christianity in both hemispheres had been quickened into new life, and had experienced a change amounting almost to a moral revolution. The magnificent apostolic idea of evangelization in all the earth, and till all the earth should be Christianized, had not only been restored as a practical conviction, but had become pervasive and dominant in the consciousness of the churches, and was manifestly thenceforward to shape the religious history of the Protestant world. The great fermentation of the mind of the civilized nations—the resurrection, as it may be called, of popular thought and power—contemporaneous in the civil and religious worlds, effected in the former by the American and French Revolutions, in the latter by the Methodist movement, seemed to presage a new history of the human race. And history is compelled to record, with the frankest admission of the defects of Thomas Coke, that no man, not excepting Wesley or Whitefield, more completely represented the religious significance of those eventful times.’

Perhaps the most absorbingly interesting volume is the second. Not that it is written with more power than the others, but that its field—it is wholly occupied with the West India Islands—is so filled with contrasts. It is the Epistle to the Romans writ large—the opening so dark, the close so brilliant with sunshine. As a study of human nature, what may be, has been, and is, first under the bondage to sin and then in the liberty that belongs to the children of God, it is not to be easily surpassed. And here let it be said that the writers of these volumes have risen to the height of their great argument. Endowed with a liberal portion of that genius for historical writing which is now so common that even Gibbon would have found it difficult to lift his head above the multitude, they have not omitted prayer for guidance or the complete surrender of their gifts to the service of God.

WITCHCRAFT.

First in occasional articles, and now in a volume, Miss Margaret Alice Murray has given to the

world her revolutionary ideas about witchcraft. The title of the book is *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press; 16s. net). What are her ideas?

Her central idea is that witchcraft was a *religion*, with its gods, its beliefs, its times and places of assembly, its organization, and its rites and ceremonies. It was a religion, a developed and practised religious cult, a religion for which men and women were prepared to die. It was probably the religion of an earlier race. The more powerful race that came and conquered that race drove it to the inhospitable north and into the mountains and glens. If the original race was smaller in stature, it may then be that the witches and the fairies are all one. But that is only conjecture. What is certain, in Miss Murray's judgment, is that witchcraft is simply a banned and persecuted religion, a religion banned and persecuted by the conquerors and dispossessors of those who practised it.

Being banned and persecuted its god became a devil—‘the devil’ in later popular phrase—just as to the apostle Paul the gods whom the nations worshipped so basely were properly devils, enemies of the only living and true God. And the witches’ god was no far-away unconcerned deity; he visited his worshippers, sometimes in one shape, sometimes in another, often in the shape of a most proper gentleman, dressed well and fashionably, but always to be recognized by his worshippers by some peculiar mark, most frequently a cloven foot.

The assemblies were of two kinds. One, known as the Sabbath, was the general meeting of all the members of the religion. The other, for which Miss Murray accepts de Cambrue's name of *Esbat*, was more local and was chiefly a business meeting, whereas the Sabbath was purely religious. Why was the religious assembly called the Sabbath? No one knows. Certain it is that it had nothing to do with the Jewish Sabbath. Miss Murray suggests a derivation from *s'esbattre*, ‘to frolic’—‘a very suitable description of the joyous gaiety of the meetings.’ Even the *Esbat*, though meant for business, was often a scene of ‘sheer enjoyment only.’ ‘Marie Lamont (1662) enjoyed her meetings; the first at which she was present was held in Kettie Scott's house, where the devil “sung to them and they dancit; he gave them wyn to drink, and wheat bread to eat, and they warr all very mirrie. She confesses, at that meiting the said

Kettie Scott made her first acquaintance with the devill, and caused her to drink to him, and shak hands with him. Shee was with Katie Scot and others at a meitting at Kempoch, wher they danced, and the devil kissed them when they went away."

Of the organization let us mention only the Covens. 'The special meaning of the word among the witches is a "band" or "company," who were set apart for the practice of the rites of the religion and for the performance of magical ceremonies; in short, a kind of priesthood. The Coven was composed of men and women, belonging to one district, though not necessarily all from one village, and was ruled by an officer under the command of the Grand Master. The members of the Coven were apparently bound to attend the weekly Esbat; and it was they who were instructed in and practised magical arts, and who performed all the rites and ceremonies of the cult. The rest of the villagers attended the Esbats when they could or when they felt so inclined, but did not necessarily work magic, and they attended the Sabbath^s as a matter of course.'

LAWS OF LIVINGSTONIA.

It was a terrific task that was set Mr. W. P. Livingstone when he was appointed by the Foreign Mission Committee of the United Free Church of Scotland to write the *Life of Laws of Livingstonia* (Hodder & Stoughton; 15s. net). Dr. Laws was not too favourable to the enterprise—for he is still alive—but when he did at last agree—he placed at the biographer's disposal all the available material in his possession. Now 'for half a century he has methodically filed every letter he has received and a copy of every one he has written, and since he entered Africa has kept every document bearing on the work of the Mission. As these forty-six years have been crowded with incident and administrative activity, the accumulation has assumed vast proportions. The author does not profess to have gone through it all. Nor was this necessary for the purpose of the popular biography he was commissioned to write. His aim has been to give a straightforward narrative of the chief events in the Doctor's career, with the emphasis laid more upon the pioneer days as being less known, and touching lightly on the later years, which were largely occupied with the development of mission

policy and the treatment of African social questions. As it is, he has read over 13,000 pages of letters, which is probably less than half the total quantity.'

Less formidable certainly, but still formidable enough, is the task which Mr. Livingstone has set his readers. He has written and published an octavo volume of nearly four hundred closely-printed pages, and there is no escape. To skip a page is to lose the way. You go right on with it, page after page, reading every word (for there is not an unnecessary word in the book) until you reach the end. And then? Then you shake hands with yourself. You have accomplished the most rewarding spell of reading of your lifetime.

If you say that no man's Life can mean all that to you, we answer that the Life of Robert Laws of Livingstonia means more than that. His essential worth is unmistakable from the outset. But it was the work God called him to that made him truly great. Faced by his gigantic duty a weak man would have gone under, a strong man would have held his own, Dr. Laws grew steadily greater in all that makes for moral and spiritual manhood.

THE LEGENDS OF SMOKEOVER.

What do you call the writer whose place is between the essayist and the novelist? Is it allegorist? His purpose is as ethical as the essayist's, but he does not openly acknowledge it. His characters are as fictitious as the novelist's, but they are not presented as living beings, types they are and tendencies under half-disguised names. Of this literary class Dr. L. P. Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, is the best living representative.

His new book goes by the title of *The Legends of Smokeover* (Hodder & Stoughton; 12s. 6d. net). Smokeover is a large manufacturing city in which there is a most prosperous firm of gamesters, directed by Mr. Rumbelow. Mr. Rumbelow was as a boy attached to a coco-nut shy. There he worked out the theory of averages, reduced the price of the shy, drove other coco-nut shies off the field, disappeared for a time, returned with 'My Lady,' and established the most wonderful Betting House that ever Smokeover or other great city saw.

In Smokeover there dwelt also a clockmaker, Mr. Hooker, who, much against his will, became a millionaire during the War. Thereafter the

problem of the book is, How will Mr. Hooker spend his millions? To cut a long story short, he divides them into three. One million he gives to Professor Ripplemark of Oxford—the first and last Professor of Virtue in that home of lost causes. One million he gives to Miss Margaret Wolfstone, Headmistress of the Girls' High School in Smoke-over, and once a member with him of the Ethical Society there. One million he retains for himself. Professor Ripplemark and Miss Wolfstone unite their hearts and their millions, and both Ripplemark and Hooker become partners in the great betting and gambling firm, now known as 'Rumbelow, Hooker and Ripplemark.'

What is it all about? On that it is probable that no two readers will agree. Professor Jacks himself knows, for he is no weak-willed author whose pen runs away with him. Like Ophelia's pansies, it is for thoughts. Is there no sentiment in it? Oh yes, there is sentiment:

'Miss Wolfstone now rose and went to the window, looking out upon the scene of the recent accident. Ripplemark remained where he was.

'Presently he said: "Would you mind repeating your definition of one's neighbour?"

'His manner in saying this was that of a Professor catechizing a pupil. She saw the mockery, but answered quite gravely,

"The man who comes next."

"But what if the next-comer happens to be not a man but a woman?"

"Then the difficulty will be reciprocal. The woman will have met a man."

"And supposing that these two suddenly discover that they do not love, but hate?" said the Professor.

"Then one of them must immediately leave the room," said Miss Wolfstone.

'Instantly he crossed to where she was standing.

"I am not going to leave the room," he said.

"Neither am I," she answered.

'It was done; and that, too, in full view of whatever observers there may have been at the opposite window.'

SIR EDWARD FRY.

A Memoir of the Right Honourable Sir Edward Fry, by his daughter, Agnes Fry (Humphrey Milford; 12s. 6d. net), is one of the most successful of recent biographies. It is successful because

it reveals the personality of the man, and lets you see that he *is* a personality. You come to know him and you find him worth knowing.

First of all he was a man who kept his conscience as the noonday, clear. This was known to those who knew him before he became a Judge. After he became a Judge it was known to all the world. His conscience insisted on justice being done, to all comers, at all costs. 'A beast,' the disappointed claimant called him, 'but a just beast.' When some one said that Tom Hughes would never decide against a workman and in favour of the employer, Sir Edward's daughter remarked that at any rate his failing leaned to virtue's side. Then Sir Edward's eye flashed, and his words were as swords.

His conscience was no accidental acquisition. It came from God. Some notes were written last month on his habit of prayer. Yet he was not an ordinary Church member. Why not? He speaks sadly (for much of the book is autobiography) of his loneliness in religion; yet there is not an instructed Church member who would not accept his creed—accept it wholly and be content with it. He did not a little for the recognition of God, but he might have done more by taking his place in organized religious life in the land.

Though he had home-loving virtues he had no home-keeping wits. He loved a story and could tell one. 'One was of a boy who appeared to explain why his father could not appear as a witness. "The doctor said he has a confusion in his abominable parts which will probably result in absence."' Another came from Exeter: 'The ancient church of St. Mary Major, in the Cathedral Close of this city, was rebuilt (A.D. 1865-8) from the designs of the late Mr. Edward Ashworth. When the roof was nearly all covered in, it was found by Mr. Ashworth that the copper nails specified for the slating had not been used by the contractors. Mr. Ashworth firmly told the builder that all the slates would have to come off again, and be properly fixed according to the specification. The same evening a dozen bottles of prime port were delivered at the architect's residence, accompanied by a polite note from the builder asking his kind acceptance of the little present. Mr. Ashworth, ever as tender-hearted as he was honourable, was the last man to hurt any one's feelings, even if he did not agree with them, so next morning he dispatched his servant to the builder's house with another hamper of wine and

a note that ran something as follows: "Thanks for your kind present. Favour me, in return, by accepting the accompanying dozen of dry sherry. You will have to use the copper nails."

EUROPEAN ARCHAEOLOGY.

The first volume of *A Text-Book of European Archaeology*, written by R. A. S. Macalister, Litt. D., F.S.A., Professor of Celtic Archaeology, University College, Dublin, has been published at the Cambridge University Press (5os. net). It covers the Palaeolithic Period. It will be followed by three volumes more. The second volume will deal with the Neolithic and Early Bronze Ages, the third with the Late Bronze and Early Iron Age, and the fourth with the Late Iron Age. The scheme is well arranged and moderate. The difficulty will be to compress the vast accumulation of material into four volumes, even of the magnificent dimensions of this volume.

One thing is certain. Professor Macalister is the man for it. His long experience as an explorer added the necessary personal training to the gifts he was endowed with—love of the subject, unquenchable enthusiasm in the pursuit of it, and a singularly happy command of appropriate and perspicuous language. He calls his book a text-book, and a text-book it is, but he has written it so that, the age of examinations long past, we can read it comfortably and enjoy it thoroughly to the end. The illustrations are numerous and remarkably well chosen.

Turn to the subject of religion. Professor Macalister's business is with facts, but facts are nothing without their interpretation. Of the religion of the men whose skeletons or skulls have been found little can be said with certainty, though something can be surmised. One thing is sure: they all had a religion. 'It is now believed that just as there is no race of people, however low in the scale of civilisation, without language or without social order, so there is no tribe or race, however low, without some form of religion. A completely religionless community does not exist, and probably never has existed.'

The signs of a belief in a continued life are clear enough as to the fact, but not so clear as to the nature of it. 'Several facts may be adduced to prove the existence of a *fear*. The summary disposal of the body in the case of the La Ferrassie

interment, in which the survivors did not venture to touch the body but simply heaped earth over it where it lay, is suggestive of some such feeling of awe: or else, possibly, of the existence of a hope that the wandering ghost might in time find its way back to the bodily habitation which it had tenanted, if the latter remained undisturbed in the spot where the spirit had left it. We shall meet in the next chapter with traces of similar ideas among the Upper Palaeolithic people; the victim of an accident (?), as at Laugerie Basse, or the victims of an act of violence, as at Cro-Magnon, are left where they fell, and no one dares to enter the cave to disturb the bodies. The most reasonable explanation of the common crouched attitude of the dead, with the knees drawn up, sometimes very tightly, under the chin, is a desire to hamper the movements of the dead, and to prevent it from coming back to disturb the living. It is probable that the body was actually bound with thongs in that position.'

Again: 'The remarkable rite of painting [the bones red should be specially noticed.' 'The purpose of the rite is perfectly clear. Red is the colour of living health. The dead man was to live again in his own body, of which the bones were the framework. To paint it with the colour of life was the nearest thing to mummification that the Palaeolithic people knew; it was an attempt to make the body again serviceable for its owner's use. In this connexion it is instructive to recall a familiar incident in folk-tales, in which the hero having come to grief, the flesh of his body is restored from the bones, or even from a small splinter of bone, and then resuscitated. In Irish hagiography even animals can be restored to life by miracle-working saints in the same way. In the tale *Krošeika-Khavrošička*, a Russian version of Grimm's *Einäuglein, Zweiäuglein und Dreiäuglein*, the heroine collects, buries, and each morning waters the bones of her friendly cow, after it has been slaughtered by the cruel stepmother; from them an apple-tree grows, which is of course a re-birth, so to speak, of the cow, and through the apples the ultimate happiness of the persecuted girl is attained.'

A HERETIC.

'A Heretic'—the word has an old-world flavour about it. There are no heretics now. But Dean

Fremantle of Ripon, who died in 1916, was a very old man when he died, and he was really regarded as a heretic. And persecuted. The Master of the Temple has edited the *Recollections of Dean Fremantle* (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net), and has taken pains to show that he was regarded as a heretic and persecuted. What was his heresy?

First, he was said to deny the Virgin Birth of our Lord. He did not deny it; he only denied that it was a miracle. 'Not many grasped this point, and those who did were not satisfied. Hence it was held generally that the Dean was not sound on the Incarnation.'

Next, he hobnobbed with Dissenters, and even led in prayer-meetings in which Dissenters took a leading part. No excuse is offered for that.

Thirdly and lastly, his doctrine of the Church was supposed to be Erastian. The Master of the Temple refutes that supposition. It is a supposition that went right against the Dean's whole theory of life. There was no secularizing of the Church with him, for there was no secular. All life was sacred, the least act as the greatest institution. Perhaps that was heresy once; it is orthodoxy now.

It is a biography with a moral. The moral is that the only actual heresy is the discovery and persecution of heretics.

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY'S ADDRESSES.

If we said that the Essays and Addresses which Professor Gilbert Murray has gathered into one volume (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net) were thoroughly provoking, we should not fear their author's displeasure. For there is a provoking to love and good works as well as to other things. And one of the first and best services which any book can render us is to provoke us to thinking. So this book does.

For instance: 'I will confess my own private belief, which I do not wish anyone to share, that of all the books and all the famous sayings that have come as a revelation to human beings, not one is strictly true or has any chance of being true. Nor, if you press me, do I really think it is their business to be strictly true. They are not meant to be statements of fact. They are cries of distress, calls of encouragement, signals flashing in the darkness; they seem to be statements in the

indicative mood, but they are really in the imperative or the optative—the moods of command or prayer or longing; they often make their effect not by what they say but by the tone in which they say it, or even by the things they leave unsaid.'

If you accept that unthinkingly you will give no pleasure to Professor Murray. If you resent it in well-aimed words he will begin to smile on you. But first, what is his example?—for he gives an example. 'Do you remember Garibaldi's speech to his men when his defence of Rome had proved fruitless, and the question was whether to make terms with the Austrians or to follow him? "Let those who wish to continue the War against the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay nor quarters nor provisions. I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death." The force of that appeal was in what he did not say. He obviously offered them something else too; something so glorious that as a matter of fact most of them followed him; but he did not mention it.'

Now that is all wrong. The force of the appeal was *not* in what Garibaldi did not say: he said everything. He said that they who went with him would be rewarded with hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. *That* made them go—no reward, no thought of reward or recompense. Forced marches, battles and death—it was enough for them. It was enough for thousands of our young men who went to the great War.

We have our example also. We have found it in a fine volume written by the Editor of *The Children's Newspaper* and entitled *Arthur Mee's Hero Book* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net). The particular chapter is called 'The Heroism of Science.' It is the story of the cutting of the Panama Canal. The yellow-fever scourge had first to be met and conquered. 'Two men were wanted for experiments, and two young privates in the army came forward and offered themselves. They were to be bitten by suspected mosquitoes. Major Reed talked the matter over with them, explained the danger and suffering, and then, seeing that they were still determined, promised that they should be generously compensated for their sacrifice. It must have thrilled Dr. Reed to find that the moment he mentioned money these plain American men held back. Both declined to undergo the experiment except on the sole condition that they should have no money reward.'

Major Reed touched his cap to the privates and said, "Gentlemen, I salute you," and he said afterwards that, in his opinion, this exhibition of moral courage had never been surpassed in the United States Army.'

THE EVOLUTION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Mr. John Elliotson Symes, M.A., sometime Principal of University College, Nottingham, was a student of the writings of Maurice, on whom he wrote the article in the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*. No one knew Maurice better or loved him more. And that stands for much—among the rest for personal loyalty to the Redeemer and the open mind. His last book and his greatest, *The Evolution of the New Testament* (Murray; 18s. net), was finished, and the proofs were coming in when he died. His widow has competently seen it through.

'The Evolution of the New Testament' means chronological handling of the books, but no other constraint. Each book or group of books is discussed separately. And always independently. This is the feature of the volume. Mr. Symes knew the masters, but calls no one Master but Christ. He goes his own way and gives his reasons.

The Epistle to the Philippians is a collection of five letters, or fragments of letters, written by St. Paul at various times, the main part (1¹–3¹ with 4²¹⁻²³) being the fifth letter.

The Epistle of James is a collection of sayings (either of our Lord's brother or another of the name) gathered together and edited by an admirer shortly after his death, with 'the sort of result that would be produced by stringing together extracts from Bacon's Essays, and providing them with a superscription and a few connecting links.'

The Fourth Gospel was probably written by the Apostle John, but edited by another, possibly of the same name. One of the editor's additions is the 21st chapter. 'Among other editorial additions I should include that amazing passage in which it is implied that Jesus uttered His thanksgiving "because of the multitude which standeth round" (xi. 42). It comes in the sublime story of the raising of Lazarus. It is Johannine in the sense that some of the Ephesus school, in asserting Christ's Divinity, went dangerously near deny-

ing His Humanity. Here the object seems to be to explain away His human instinct to pray and praise. One almost wonders that the editor did not omit the words "Jesus wept," as unworthy of His Divinity; or at least explain the tears as only for the benefit of the spectators. But even theological editors are human.'

The Apocalypse in its present form is the production of an editor. 'His materials were the documents of a single seer, whose visions had been coloured by the reading of both Jewish and Christian Apocalypses, as well as by at least one story from Babylonian sources. They were also much affected by the politics of his time.'

Those are the most important of Mr. Symes's independent conclusions. He writes carefully and dispassionately, and he writes readably. As is the way in the *DICTIONARY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH*, he carries his discussion beyond the New Testament Canon, finding some account of the Epistle of Barnabas, the Didache, 1 Clement, and the Shepherd of Hermas necessary for the understanding of the Canon itself.

CENTRAL EUROPE.

A clear and, we believe, thoroughly reliable account of the conditions of life in Russia and the Central States of Europe has been written by Dr. L. Haden Guest, M.C., M.R.C.S. The first chapter is on *The Struggle for Power in Europe*, and that chapter has given the volume its title (Hodder & Stoughton; 16s. net).

Two long chapters deal with Russia. Dr. Guest was with the Labour Delegation which visited that country in 1920 on the invitation of the Soviet Government. 'As Secretary and Physician to that delegation I had remarkable opportunities for collecting information. It was part of my duty to arrange interviews with leading Russians of all parties, collect documents and draw up programmes of investigation. All the people's Commissariats were open to our investigation, all Institutions also. We interviewed most of the People's Commissars, and although no doubt we were "officially" shown the better instead of the worse places (which would happen equally in London or New York), we were able unofficially to see just as much as we had energy enough and *nous* enough to see for ourselves.'

Although a Democrat, Dr. Guest is not a

Bolshevist, and he has little good to say of Lenin. 'Lenin's attitude to the peasant, regarded as an inferior kind of being, is as typical of Bolshevist opinion as is his airy dismissal of the financial question of paper money by saying "it costs us nothing, we only print it."'

He gives an encouraging account of progress in Tcheko-Slovakia. But the condition of Austria is appalling. In Vienna—'The mistress of the house was an old woman, bent and dirty, clothed in blouse and skirt hanging raggedly on her, as they might have hung over old tins, bottles and débris on a city rubbish heap. The mattress and clothing on the bed was brownish grey with dirt and speckled with little black marks and with spats of blood where vermin had been crushed. And on the bed was a child with big eyes and forehead wrinkled with pain, its arms stretched out in front of it, its belly blown up to a great size by tuberculous disease, its skinny legs drawn up to its body and its breathing rattling uneasily—between the bouts of a sobbing, whining cry—with acute wheezing and bubbling of bronchitis, probably also of a tubercular nature. How can one translate statistics that mean hundreds and thousands of cases of this type with every possible human variety of suffering more or less, with dirt more or less, with death more or less near.'

'And there were many cases of consumption, too. To nurse these cases of consumption came a voluntary worker, a sturdy-looking, fresh-faced girl of eighteen with long flaxen hair. But the sickness of the town system of Europe had stricken her before she came and in six weeks the hard work of the hospital had brought on acute consumption. The kind and pitiful doctor who was looking after her took me into the separate little room where the girl lay. She had recently had a hæmorrhage and had to keep very still. As we entered the room and the sister with us said some kind word, the girl—not yet used to the Angel of Death—turned her head a little on one side on the pillow—her yellow hair covered nearly all the other side—and the tears flowed slowly down her cheeks out of the closed eyelids.'

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

If the biography of *Charles M. Alexander* was worth writing it was worth writing well. And it has been well written. The biographers are two,

Mrs. Helen C. Alexander and Mr. J. Kennedy MacLean (Marshall Brothers; 10s. 6d. net). There is no indication of the method of co-operation. The style indeed is the same throughout, a good, clear, forcible style which carries you on, over innumerable meetings here, there, and everywhere throughout the world, and never lets you go until you have read the last sad and sudden scene. Then the book is profusely, even lavishly, illustrated. If there is immortality in it, there is immortality for very many good men whose unmistakable portraits appear along with those of Alexander. The most surprising of the illustrations, however, are those of the great audiences. How was it done? It was certainly done successfully.

The life of Charles M. Alexander needs no repetition. He was born, not to sing, as we were about to say, but to make others sing. It was not his solos, as with Sankey, that carried away the great audiences, it was their own voices encouraged and led by his genius.

'As the leader of a choir he has an amazing and almost magical influence, not only over the trained choir; he simply makes everybody sing, and sing as he wants them to. "Watch my hand!" he calls, and the men's unaccompanied voices rise and fall in crooning cadences with an effect any conductor might be proud of. Watch his hands? Why we are watching every part of him; we cannot take our eyes off him; we are fascinated, hypnotized, bewitched. Never for a moment is he still. Now we see him "fine down" a passage from *fortissimo* to *piano*. All done by a turn of the wrist! That marvellous magic hand of his thrills with the feeling he wants to put into the music. "Sing it as if you meant it!" he cries to the choir. But they *do* mean it. This is no pretence; no artistic make-believe. That is why the singing is unlike anything I have ever heard before. That—and the wonderful conducting of this astonishing young man. Mr. David Williamson, writing later, said: "An interesting thing to remember was a visit from Sir Henry J. Wood, the famous conductor, who came to the Royal Albert Hall to watch Alexander's methods with the great choir. Sir Henry was practically won to the system employed by Mr. Alexander of using both hands rather than a baton."

That is from an article in the *Daily Mirror* of February 6, 1905.

He was a leader of song. He was also a soul-winner. No, again, he was less than an encourager of others to go and win souls. One characteristic scene has been quoted. This is the other. The two make up his life :

'One night, as the after-meeting was proceeding, Mr. George Davis stood upon the platform, eagerly looking out over the crowd, on the watch for striking incidents. Alexander was leading the choir in songs of invitation, which should form a suggestive background to the entreaty of the personal workers. His quick eye caught sight of Mr. Davis, and at the first chance between the hymns he was down beside him. Several people below the platform had come forward to take their stand for Christ, amongst them some boys. All the personal workers seemed busy, and no one was at hand to talk and pray with these waiting seekers for Christ. Alexander made a call for more workers at the front, and then said to Mr. Davis, "What are you doing here, Davis, while people are down there waiting to be led to Christ?" "I'm watching for incidents for my articles," was the reply. "Get off the platform and lead some of those people to Christ," said Alexander, "and you'll have some first-hand incidents to tell." A firm, though gentle, push accompanied the words, and almost before he knew it, Davis had descended the steps, and with Bible in hand stood ready for business.'

Mr. J. S. Fletcher has written a series of short biographies of *Yorkshiremen of the Restoration* (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net). The men were worthy, and their biographer is well aware of it. Every man of them was a hero and suffered well. You read their history here so briefly yet so impressively told, and you are proud of them. 'For all the saints who from their labours rest' you give thanks to God, though some of them were not by any means conventional Roman Catholic saints.

One thing only mars your full enjoyment of the book. Mr. Fletcher cannot name the name of Cromwell without a shudder. 'The usurper' is the invariable adjunct. And he did only evil continually. It is an obsession, neither less nor more. Whereby Mr. Fletcher shows himself to be not a historian by any means, but an appreciative and enthusiastic biographer.

The gift of strong language is the only gift which is understood to carry no responsibility with it. If you have it exercise it, whether in Billingsgate or in Fleet Street—that is the only law of this Jungle. Whence come wars and fightings among us. Not all Mr. Hesketh Pearson's *Modern Men and Mummies* (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net) have the gift, but all who have it exercise it. There is Mr. Bernard Shaw, and there is Mr. H. G. Wells, and there is Mr. Frank Harris, and there is Mr. Stephen Phillips; and when you read their letters you praise God that you are not endowed as these men are.

But not all, we say. In this lively and entertaining book you will find humour that is inoffensive, and hero-worship that holds out right to the end. There is Sir Francis Galton and there is Mr. Lytton Strachey the biographer. 'But it isn't really of the least importance what particular subject Lytton Strachey chooses for his next work, or his next dozen works. He can relume the pageant of history and give its personalities the breath of life. In his hands a second-rate man like Cardinal Manning or Dr. Arnold can shine with all the lustre of an immortal character in romance; and a great figure like Gordon or Florence Nightingale can assume epic significance. The tedious becomes fascinating when touched by the magic of his pen.

'One can only compare him with himself. He is the Strachey of biographers.'

One thing is certain, the book is written to be read, and you will not weary in the reading of it.

The Rev. G. H. Charnley talks very well about the birds and the flowers, and makes them talk very well. The thirty-seven talks in his book, *The Skylark's Bargain* (Allenson; 5s. net), may not be easy to preach, but they are very pleasant to read.

Messrs. A. & C. Black have added to their indispensable series of red reference books *The Book of Saints* (12s. 6d. net). It is described as a Dictionary of the servants of God canonized by the Catholic Church: Extracted from the Roman and other Martyrologies. The volume has been compiled by the Benedictine monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. The biographies are of course very brief. After Mary (the Blessed Virgin), the longest is—

'JOAN OF ARC (THE MAID OF ORLEANS)
(St.) V. (May 30).

(15th cent.) Jeanne d'Arc, a peasant girl, born at Domremy in Lorraine (A.D. 1411), was distinguished from childhood for her virtues and singular piety. While watching her flock of sheep she ever sought union with God; and was by Him raised to those high degrees of prayer which seem reserved to but few even of His Saints. In Joan's time, France was torn by Civil War, and in great part subject to the English king, Henry VI. In repeated visions of Angels it was shown to Joan that she was to be instrumental in freeing and pacifying her Fatherland. She was directed herself to take up arms in its defence, and to lead the French soldiers to victory. The compelling the English Generals to raise the siege of Orleans, and the conducting Charles VII. of France in triumph to his Coronation at Reims, were her chief achievements. But (as she herself had predicted) Joan was to be betrayed and to die in the accomplishment of her work. Taken prisoner, she found herself at the mercy of the English and Burgundians. The Bishop of Beauvais presided over the Court which condemned her to death, mainly on the pretext that she had donned man's attire and had fought in defence of her country. Every other charge brought against her utterly broke down. She was unjustly condemned to death and burned at the stake at Rouen, May 30, A.D. 1431. Her last words were the Name of Jesus thrice repeated. Within a very few years the Ecclesiastical Courts annulled the judgment of the Bishop of Beauvais; and the more the history of the Holy Maid has since been looked into, the more clearly has the genuineness of her Divinely inspired mission been shown. After the lapse of nearly five centuries, the Catholic Church has formally canonized the "Maid of Orleans."

The Rev. David Burns has gone right through the Bible and picked out all the best Nature texts from Gn 1¹ to Rev 21²⁵, and has preached from them. He calls the volume which contains these sermons, *God's Poem*, after the title of the first sermon (James Clarke; 6s. net). It is all for the

purpose of declaring the grace of God in Jesus Christ. And if men and women are drawn to God in Christ by preaching the example of Jesus, why not by preaching the testimony of the rocks? But you must have the gift. Mr. Burns has it.

Professor J. A. Robertson, D.D., has issued a volume of sermons and addresses. As they have all more or less directly to do with the soul, he calls the book *Concerning the Soul* (James Clarke; 6s. net).

Now the soul is not an interesting part of our personality. Preachers used to preach about it continually, but without ever telling any one what it was or where it was; and it fell out of favour. We do not want to hear about the soul now, we want to hear about ourselves, we want to hear about one another. If Professor Robertson had given us a volume of sermons in which the soul was not once named, what a pleasure we should have found in it. For not many are the preachers of to-day who can reveal us to ourselves as he can.

It will surprise some people to discover that the relation between Capital and Labour can be discussed competently by the Principal of a Theological College. Of the competence of Principal W. M. Clow's discussion in *The Quest of Industrial Peace* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) there is no doubt. More than that, it is a clear discussion. Every issue is set forth with perfect frankness and with perfect command of lucid language. And at such a time as this it is necessary that every one of us should have the facts and arguments before us, that we may go forward conscientiously. We speak too easily of giving this and that social scheme a trial. That is the policy of drift. Give it a trial if you see that it is worth a trial, and if it is worth a trial it will be worth more. Dr. Clow declares for Capitalism against Communism unmistakably enough. But his declaration is not yours, and has no business to be.

Those who are interested in the love affairs of Lord Byron will find some new material in a book which Mabel, Countess of Airli, has written and called *In Whig Society* (Hodder & Stoughton; 15s. net). For one thing they will find the story of his courtship of Miss Milbanke, told in letters from himself to Lady Melbourne. They will see, clearly enough, that what made Byron most

anxious to marry her was her indifference to him. He was no more in love with her than she with him. But no woman must say that he did not conquer her. How could such a marriage turn out otherwise than it did?

But the most interesting person in the book is Lady Caroline Lamb. 'She was tall and slight in her figure, her countenance was grave, her eyes dark, large, bright, her complexion fair. Her voice was soft, low, caressing, at once a beauty and a charm, and was responsible for much of that fascination that was so peculiarly hers. She was eloquent, most eloquent, full of ideas and of gracious, graceful expression, but her subject was always herself. She confounded her dearest friends and direst foes, for her feelings were all impulses worked on by a powerful imagination.'

'And Lady Caroline was a woman gifted with the highest powers, an artist and a poetess, a writer of romance, a woman of society and of the world, the belle, the toast, the star of the day. She was adored, but not content. She had a restless craving after excitement. She was not wicked, not even lax, but she was bold and daring in her excursions through the debateable land between friendship and love. If she never fell, she was scarcely ever safe from falling.'

Lady Caroline came across Byron. Then indeed was she near falling.

Canon Anthony C. Deane has written a book on the Teaching of our Lord. *Rabboni* is the title he has given it (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). For Rabboni means simply teacher, he tells us.

Canon Deane does not occupy himself with single precepts. It is the Teacher Himself, the Background, the Method, the Records, and then the great topics—God, Man, the World, Life—that he is interested in and explains. He is courageous enough to take in the Fourth Gospel among the available Records. 'The Fourth Gospel is not to be held of less account than the others as a record of Christ's words. Biblical criticism, indeed, is apt to be swayed by fashion, and the habit of belittling the Fourth Gospel is soon to lose its vogue. We begin to see that the theories of scholasticism are not really infallible because, with a strange assurance, they are set forward as proven facts. We begin to understand that more than scholasticism must

equip the critic of the New Testament, that literary questions need a literary sense for their decision, and that spiritual values are not to be judged apart from spiritual insight. It seems likely, indeed, that in time to come the admitted "lateness" of the Fourth Gospel will be understood to enhance, rather than to lessen, its worth. Because it is late, it represents a maturer understanding of Christ's message. From the memoirs of the beloved disciple its writer was free to choose those records of word and deed which two generations of Christian experience had shown to be of the most enduring import.'

The Essay maintains its popularity, especially in America. The Rev. Frank Crane, D.D., is an American essayist, and he hits the popular taste unerringly. The essays are short, the paragraphs are short, the sentences are short. We do not add, the words are short. For, curiously enough, the essay-reading public loves long words. But the most successful feature is the title. First the title of the book. *Just Human* it is called (John Lane; 6s. net). Then the titles of the chapters—'The Courtesies of Intimacy,' 'Harmonies of our Hidden Selves,' 'Hidden Love,' 'The Heart has no Wrinkles,' 'The Other Side of the Street,' 'The Higher Intoxication'—there are a hundred and nine in all, and there is not a miss among them.

Messrs. Macmillan have issued in one volume Myers' 'Classical Essays' and his 'Modern Essays,' which were originally published as two separate volumes in 1883. The title is *Essays Classical and Modern*, by F. W. H. Myers (12s. net).

One is right glad to receive them so well printed in this handy volume. For they are of the books that we keep near us always. Their style is incomparable. They contain estimates of men which have done much to fix finally the world's estimate. Is it not so with Mazzini, and Victor Hugo, and George Eliot? No doubt the first of the Classical Essays, that on the Greek Oracles, is the most surprising and informing. But what a picture of a modern prophet is the essay on Mazzini. Read it slowly. You are in touch all the time with whatsoever is true, lovely, and of good report. There are also memorable scenes and sayings. Supreme is the short description of the conversation with George Eliot. It is often quoted. Let us quote it again.

'I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men,—the words *God*, *Immortality*, *Duty*,—pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing Law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned toward me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates. And when we stood at length and parted, amid that columnar circuit of the forest-trees, beneath the last twilight of starless skies, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls,—on a sanctuary with no Presence to hallow it, and heaven left lonely of a God.'

There is still some doubt if Rabindranath Tagore is a prose writer or a poet. Not to solve the doubt prematurely the reviewer has called his writing prose-poetry. Another volume has appeared. The title is *The Fugitive* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). A fairly long quotation is necessary:

'In the depths of the forest the ascetic practised penance with fast-closed eyes; he intended to deserve Paradise.

But the girl who gathered twigs brought him fruits in her skirt, and water from the stream in cups made of leaves.

The days went on, and his penance grew harsher till the fruits remained untasted, the water untouched; and the girl who gathered twigs was sad.

The Lord of Paradise heard that a man had dared to aspire to be as the Gods. Time after time he had fought the Titans, who were his peers, and kept them out of his kingdom; yet he feared a man whose power was that of suffering.

But he knew the ways of mortals, and he planned a temptation to decoy this creature of dust away from his adventure.

A breath from Paradise kissed the limbs of the girl who gathered twigs, and her youth ached with

a sudden rapture of beauty, and her thoughts hummed like the bees of a rifled hive.

The time came when the ascetic should leave the forest for a mountain cave, to complete the rigour of his penance.

When he opened his eyes in order to start on this journey, the girl appeared to him like a verse familiar, yet forgotten, and which an added melody made strange. The ascetic rose from his seat and told her that it was time he left the forest.

"But why rob me of my chance to serve you?" she asked with tears in her eyes.

He sat down again, thought for long, and remained on where he was.

That night remorse kept the girl awake. She began to dread her power and hate her triumph, yet her mind tossed on the waves of turbulent delight.

In the morning she came and saluted the ascetic and asked his blessing, saying she must leave him.

He gazed on her face in silence, then said, "Go, and may your wish be fulfilled."

For years he sat alone till his penance was complete.

The Lord of the Immortals came down to tell him that he had won Paradise.

"I no longer need it," said he.

The God asked him what greater reward he desired.

"I want the girl who gathers twigs."

Now that the cab-driver is departed, every ambitious boy is resolved to be an engine-driver. Well, the engine-driver has to know about engines. Something also about railways and signal-boxes. It is all to be found in *The Romance of Modern Railways*, written by Mr. T. W. Corbin, richly illustrated, and published by Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co.

In *The Divine Initiative* (S.C.M.; 3s. 6d. net) Professor H. R. Mackintosh, D.D., D.Phil., publishes four chapters of practical theology—the Need for God, the Divine Initiative, the Response of Man, and Christianity a Corporate Life. Each chapter treats its topic clearly and sufficiently; together the four chapters form a short and reliable presentation of the Gospel as it is in Christ Jesus. Dr. Mackintosh is a scholar; he does not offer any modern substitute for the Gospel.

The very Rev. Philip Carrington, M.A., Dean of Christchurch, New Zealand, has written a book on *Christian Apologetics of the Second Century, in their Relation to Modern Thought* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net). It was originally written as the Hulsean Prize Essay for 1917, and so is both scholarly and popular. Not mere research work, and not mere popularizing of other men's labours, but the results of patient personal investigation mastered and made into good readable English—that is the book. And all is done with the twentieth century in mind. What have those early Apologists accomplished for Christianity that we can stand on? How can we, standing on their accomplished work, carry the proof of Christianity forward and make it more sure? These are the questions ever in the author's mind.

His outlook is wide and open. He believes in Mr. George Bernard Shaw. 'Undoubtedly,' he says, 'the most commanding intellectual figure in England to-day is that of George Bernard Shaw; no other English writer has obtained the same European importance. He is distinguished as the last of the great Victorians by his conscientious and honest examination of all the great problems, an examination he carries on with the crusading thoroughness of a Ruskin; such an honourable facing of the whole universe is all too rare now. At the same time, Mr. Shaw faces it from quite a modern (rather than a Victorian) point of view, but with the idea of getting results that are not so much modern as true; and the outstanding feature of his philosophy is his explanation of the universe as a manifestation of will. Now we Christians also believe that the universe is the manifestation of a will, and that it culminated in the Incarnation of our Superman, Jesus Christ.'

From Teachers and Taught (4 Fleet Lane, London) comes *The Concise Guide to the 1922 Lessons*, by Ernest H. Hayes (3s. 6d. net). The book is for teachers. With some incidental information it gives many shrewd suggestions for making the lesson attractive. Get into touch with the boy's mind; then keep in touch—you will instruct him more than you think, you will certainly send him away with the desire for more instruction.

The anonymous author of *The Prodigal Returns*

(Watkins; 3s. 6d.) is directly guided in every step of the way. Thus:

'I very badly need a pair of walking shoes, but for weeks I have been so absorbed in contemplation that the pain of bringing myself from this holy joy to do shopping is too great, and I delay and delay; I cannot bring myself to it; but shoes are a necessity of earthly life. Having exceedingly narrow feet, I am obliged always to get my shoes from a certain maker, and now, during the war, he makes so few shoes. To-day a picture of the shop comes before me, and the words "Go to-day, go to-day," urge themselves upon my consciousness. Then a picture comes of the assistant; I show her my foot, and she says, "*There is only one pair left; how fortunate you came to-day!*" So I understand I must go to my shopping and, greatly against my will, I go that afternoon. The assistant comes forward, and I show her my foot, and she says, "*There is only one pair left; how fortunate you came to-day!*"'

'Except ye turn and become as little children.' Surely that experience has been passed through by the Rev. J. Sinclair Stevenson, B.D. How otherwise could he have rewritten the Gospels for little children? The Bishop of Liverpool assures us in a Foreword that he has other qualifications—insight, imagination, sympathetic knowledge. He even analyses his knowledge into three parts—'(1) He knows his Greek Testament, and uses his knowledge easily, naturally, and without ostentation, to illuminate many a saying of our Lord, and many an incident in His life. (2) He knows the East. He can interpret the Gospel story from an intimate and long acquaintance with Eastern life and manners. (3) He has a good knowledge of theology, and brings a well-trained and well-furnished mind to bear on his subject, whereby "the greater is his simplicity of conception, his attitude for exposition, and his direction of access to the open and expectant mind."'

But all these possessions combined would not have made possible the writings of *The Friend of Little Children* (Oxford: Blackwell; 2rs. net) if Mr. Stevenson had not had the children's heart, the heart to love and trust. It is a gracious Christmas present. There are original little drawings all through its pages and occasional full-page pictures, some of them in attractive colouring.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have published an amazing variety of Calendars and Cards for 1922. And as amazing as the variety is the beauty of every card and calendar. It is quite impossible in a notice to give any idea of the wealth of artistic effort that has been spent upon them. An order should be sent for the Descriptive List, which is itself a work of art with its miniature illustrations. There are three series, one the Mildmay Series, one the Christian Series, and one the Paternoster Series: the List describes all three. The

address is 12 Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

Some practical and very timely temperance literature has been published by the Wesleyan Methodist Church. There are *Temperance Lessons for Sunday Schools* (2d.), *Temperance Lessons for Bands of Hope* (2d.), a *Study Circle Syllabus* (1d.), and other things. They may all be had from the Temperance and Social Welfare Department, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster.

'The Prodigiously Long Ages of the Patriarchs.'

BY E. E. KELLETT, M.A., LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Of all the various genealogies, dates, and calculations with which the Priestly writer has enriched or encumbered the early books of the Bible, those of the fifth chapter of Genesis are perhaps the most puzzling. At one moment they assume an appearance of system or reason, only to cast it aside at the next; and if we think we have lit upon the principle on which part of them may be based, we speedily perceive that it will not suit another part.

What has increased the confusion is the fact that our three main authorities differ; and differ in a way which also shows a combination of order and chaos: the Septuagint altering the Massoretic numbers in one way and the Samaritan in another. It is therefore very difficult to know whether we have the slightest chance of unmasking the original P; for even if we solved the mystery of one of these versions, another, or perhaps none of them, may turn out to be the right one. A glance at such a commentary as that of Dr. Skinner is sufficient to show the embarrassment which these and other difficulties have caused to all readers except those to whom Archbishop Ussher's marginal 'B.C. 4004' has the sanctity of a revelation.

If, then, I venture to offer here my attempt at a solution of the problem, I shall not be surprised should it fail to meet with universal acceptance; for a problem which has baffled so many is certainly not an easy one; and in a set of numbers which might have been shaken out of Judas's bags and flung on to the floor, one may well—to mix one's metaphors—mistake a will-o'-the-wisp for a

lodestar. But such as my theory is, I here put it before my readers for acceptance or rejection.

Let it first be remarked that we are not in the least concerned, in the following argument, with the questions as to whether the Priestly codifier himself invented these numbers, or whether he derived them from an earlier authority: nor need we fret ourselves over the equally hard question as to which of the three great Versions has preserved the Priestly original with the greatest accuracy. For, even though the Hebrew list be corrupted from the Septuagint or from the Samaritan, it is a *deliberate* and *systematic* corruption, and the man who made it must have had his reasons for thus altering his author. It is those reasons that we are to try to find out.

Again, we must not be surprised if those reasons seem trivial to men of our generation. Before the invention of the Arabic notation, the simplest arithmetical sums were hard, and the results, when obtained, were inevitably regarded with superstitious awe. A Pythagoras, discovering a few easy properties of figures, goes at once to the extreme of founding the universe upon number; and even Plato was more than tinged with the same belief. We must therefore expect that P (to use that symbol for the man with whom we are here concerned) will show a quite childish delight in coincidences which to us may seem too obvious to require notice. Precisely as the Jews, and Shakespeare long after the Jews, appear to have been almost awestruck at the discovery that a word may have two meanings, so that we find

them punning with the mystic solemnity of a priest sacrificing to Pluto—so this old Jew, observing an arithmetical coincidence, seems beside himself with rapture.

All will agree that among P's numbers two were given to him by tradition, and could not be manipulated. These were the 365 of Enoch and the 600 that Noah lived before the Flood. All, again, agree that the number 365 proves a connection between Enoch and the year; he was either a Sun-god or some sort of Eniautos Daimon; and P knew this as well as we do. With this number, then, we may assume that P started. He was provided with Enoch's total years; what simpler than to take the 65 as what we shall call his initial years, thus leaving the round 300 for what we shall call his finals? But P looks at this 65, and the longer he looks at it the more he admires it. He divides it by 5 and gets 13, the number of lunar months in the year; 13, accordingly, is set aside for later use. Next, he takes his two lists of names, the Cainite and the Sethite, nearly the same but not quite, and combines them. To Adam, the first man, he gives for initials twice 65 or 130. He has an idea that the ideal age for an Antediluvian is the full 1000, and he would like to give that to Adam, but no: he remembers that by all orthodox doctrine Adam was created of mature age. Fix that age at 70, and this will enable us to make his final years a round 800 (besides doing other work of which we shall speak shortly), and thus Adam's total comes out at 930.

We now turn to Seth and Enos, who probably came to P by an entirely different tradition from that which gave him other names. As, however, Seth is marked as the son of Adam, he takes them in at this point. What is he to do with them? He can hardly give them as high a number as Adam; but he does the next best thing; he makes their 'initials' together come to just *three* times his mystic 65, namely 195, and of these he assigns 7 parts out of 13 to Seth and 6 to Enos, or 105 and 90 respectively.¹

When we arrive at Cainan, who of course is nothing but the Cain of J, and the eldest son of Adam, but who in the second list appears as the son of Enos, the procedure of P becomes most curious and suggestive. To obtain his *initials* he

¹ It may be worth noting that Seth's 'final' 807 = Enoch's final 300 + 3 × 13 × 13.

gives him just enough to increase Adam's *total* to the ideal 1000; *i.e.* 70; while for Cain's total he gives him just enough to increase the *initials* of his other father, Enos, to the same amount; not omitting, however, to notice that the same answer, namely 910, is reached by multiplying the 70 by the favourite factor 13.

With Mahalalel his method is similar. Of him, whether identical with the Cainite Mehujael or not, P knew little; and he therefore does no more with his initial number than to repeat the 65; but as, in the Sethite genealogy, he probably appeared as the son of Seth, P gets his total by the same mode of operation he had used with Cain and Enos. He makes it 895, which, it will be observed, is precisely the number needed to raise Seth's 105 to the antediluvian maximum of 1000.

If we may be allowed to continue our inspection of P at his work, we shall notice that he begins his next series of jugglings towards the end of the list, with Lamech; who, in the Cainite genealogy, is seventh, and who, according to the chronicler, made a poem with sevens in it. Let us then make of Lamech's total a kind of numerical pun on the poem, and give him 777 years of life. This has the advantage of letting him die comfortably before the Flood; for a few years more will spoil all. But what of Lamech's initial number? That, of course, is easy: as he is tied up with sevens, all we have to do is to multiply our old friend 13 by twice 7 or 14; and the result is 182. This leaves his middle years as 595.

The essential point with Methuselah, as with Lamech, is that he shall not survive the Flood. Other numbers you may alter, but not the Six Hundred; we must be careful. We can, it is true, let him die in the very year of the inundation; and that gives him a total of 969 years, obtained in the following very ingenious fashion. From the birth of Lamech to the Flood is fixed at 782 years: these then are Methuselah's 'finals' or middle years. Subtract the corresponding number for Lamech, namely 595, from this 782, and we get 187, which accordingly appears as the age of Methuselah when Lamech was born.

One name alone remains, that of Jared, probably the same as the Irad of the Cainite list. By this time it might well be supposed that P had exhausted his manipulating powers; and indeed it is only his total, 962, that is divisible by 13; but his initial

is at once found by subtracting the 807 of Seth from the 969 of Methuselah; and the medial thus becomes the same round 800 that we have already seen in the case of Adam.

It appears, then, that in all the confused system of numbers with which P has crowded this chapter, there is not one which may not be traced with more or less confidence to the two given to him by tradition.

The following tables will help to make things clearer:

I.

GENEALOGY OF J.
(Genesis iv.)

Adam
Cain (Cainan)
Enoch
Irad
Mehujael
Methusael
Lamech

GENEALOGY OF P.
(Genesis v.)

Adam¹
Seth¹
Enos
Cainan (Cain)
Mahalalel (Mehujael?)
Jared (Irad?)
Enoch
Methuselah
Lamech

¹ These are probably extraneous, the original list beginning with a first man Enos, corresponding to the Adam of J.

II.

	Initial.	Final.	Total.
Adam . . .	130 ²	800	930
Seth . . .	105 ³	807	912
Enos . . .	90 ³	815	905
Cainan . . .	70 ⁴	840	910 ⁵
Mahalalel . . .	65 ⁶	830	895 ⁷
Jared . . .	162 ⁸	800 ⁹	962 ¹⁰
Enoch . . .	65	300	365 ¹¹
Methuselah . . .	187 ¹²	782	969 ¹³
Lamech . . .	182 ¹⁴	595	777 ¹⁵
Noah (to Flood) .	600	...	...
• Total . . .	1656	...	...

² Obtained by doubling Enoch's 65.

³ Together = 3×65 : $105 = 7 \times 5 \times 3$, $90 = 6 \times 5 \times 3$.

⁴ $70 + \text{Adam's } 930 = 1000$.

⁵ With the 90 of Enos = 1000.

⁶ Repetition of Enoch's 65.

⁷ With the 105 of Seth = 1000.

⁸ With the 807 of Seth = 969 of Methuselah.

⁹ Repetition of Adam's 800.

¹⁰ Multiple of 13.

¹¹ Days in year: a fixed quantity.

¹² Subtract Lamech's 595 from Methuselah's 782.

¹³ Just reaches Flood.

¹⁴ $7 \times 2 \times 13$.

¹⁵ A kind of play on the sevens in Gn 4²⁴.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

How much did it cost?

'Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God which cost me nothing.'—2 S 24²⁴.

DURING the last few weeks we have all been thinking and talking a great deal about Christmas presents. There were presents in the air, so to speak. We couldn't go down the street without seeing the shop windows filled with beautiful gifts; and some of us have spent hours with our noses glued to the panes of the windows that held life-like dolls and marvellous mechanical toys. Then at home there has been a lot of whispering and rustling of tissue-paper, and a quick hiding of certain articles when the people to whom they were going to be given came unexpectedly into the room. It has been a glorious time, and full of thrills—hasn't it?

Now I am going to ask you what sounds like a very rude question. How much did your Christmas presents cost? Wait a moment!—I don't want you to tell me how much you think the presents you *got* at Christmas cost—I want you to tell me the cost of the presents you *gave*. Now, before you answer that question, I'm sure you'll agree with me that the presents you gave were really much more important than the presents you got. The presents you got were fine. But, ah! the presents you gave!—what a lot of planning and thinking and doing without went to the giving of these presents! How many hours did you spend making them, when you might have been playing instead? How much did you deny yourself, young man, to buy the wood for that fretwork pipe-rack you gave to father? And how many needle pricks in your own fingers did you have,

little girl, before you finished that needle-book for mother? You have got to count up all these things and add them together before you answer my question, 'What did your presents cost?' For it's not mere money that makes a gift costly. It's love and thoughtfulness and self-denial that make it truly precious.

The other day as I was walking along the street I saw a thin little grey-green book lying on the pavement. I picked it up and found it was a Post Office Savings book. It bore the name of a little girl, and being curious I looked inside and discovered how old she was, and the date of her birthday. Then I thought I'd have a look to see how rich she was, and I discovered something very interesting that told me quite a lot about that unknown little girl. I discovered that the sums she had put into the bank during the year were quite small—sometimes only one shilling, sometimes two—but I also discovered that on Saturday the 17th of December, about a week before Christmas Day, she had drawn out almost all she had: One pound two shillings and sixpence. I thought I saw her marching proudly down town on that Saturday morning and coming home laden with parcels of all sorts and shapes. And somehow I felt I liked that little girl. Don't you? She did without a good many things during the year that she might have a crackling pound note and a shining half-crown to spend on others at Christmas.

And that little girl reminded me of an old, old Bible story out of which we have taken to-day's text. It is a story of King David. Once a terrible sickness visited his people, and they died like flies for number. Then God stopped the plague, and David was so glad that he wished to offer a sacrifice, a burnt offering to God to show his gratitude. Now the plague had been stopped at the threshing-floor of a man called Araunah, and this man offered in his polite Eastern way to give David the threshing-floor for an altar, and the oxen with which he had been threshing for an offering. But the king said, 'No, I shall pay for both the threshing-floor and the oxen. Because,' said he—and here come the words of our text—'Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God which cost me nothing.'

I think David knew what makes a present precious. Don't you? And he knew how God loves the gift which comes from a grateful heart.

I wonder if our gifts to God cost us anything. I wonder if we ever put a penny of our very own into the missionary box. The other day a little fellow I know gave a costly present to God. He was visiting his grandmother and he noticed her dropping some money into a box which stood on the dining-room mantelpiece. 'What's that for, Granny?' he asked; and she told him it was for God's little black boys and girls in Africa. 'Would you like to put in a penny too?' she inquired. Tommy nodded. 'Well, run upstairs and get it.' Tommy tore out of the room and was down again in a flash with something bright in his hand. 'Why, Tommy,' said his Granny, 'that's not a penny! That's your precious shilling. If you put it in this money-box you know you can't get it out again as you do out of your own bank.' 'I know,' replied Tommy solemnly. 'But you see it's for God's black boys and girls, and I couldn't give less.'

And now I want to give you a reason why the giving that costs is the best kind of giving. It is this. *The giving that costs is the giving that makes the giver happy.* Let me tell you another story to prove it.

A good many years ago a little girl was very ill. For a time she was so ill that she was thankful to lie in bed and do nothing. But by and by the pain went away and then came the hard bit. The doctor said that even although the pain was gone she must lie very quiet in bed for a few weeks. Now she was only four, and to lie perfectly still when you're only four, and you haven't any pain, and you hear your brothers and sisters and friends romping around and having no end of fun, is not an easy thing. And this little girl thought it—well, it couldn't be done! But she had a wise mother who saw how it could be done. She began to tell her little sick child about the other little sick children who had to lie in bed in hospital, and who had no lovely toys such as she had, who perhaps had never had a doll in their lives except a make-believe one. And Mother promised that every day Betty lay in bed she would give her a penny (pennies bought more in those days than they do now) and Father would give her a penny too, and then Betty could buy some dolls to send to the Sick Children's Hospital. Betty listened, and dried her tears, and smiled. Lying in bed because the doctor said you must was one thing; but lying in bed to earn dolls for sick children was

quite another. So she lay as still as a mouse, and when Auntie heard of it she added another penny a day, and that made threepence. And the money kept mounting up. And when the doctor said at last that Betty might safely rise, she begged to be allowed to lie just a day or two longer that she might add still another dolly to the number. And the following week twelve little dolls, with long flaxen hair and arms and legs that moved, went to a Sick Children's Hospital with love from a very proud and happy Betty.

Children, if you haven't done it before, do it now, and in all the days to come. Give the gifts that cost and that make the givers happy.

Visions.

'An angel spake to him.'—Jn 12²⁹.

I wonder if any of you boys and girls have passed through an East-end district of London in a railway train. If you have, you must have wondered at the innumerable chimney-cans that were all round about you—on the right hand, on the left, everywhere. If sometimes you wished that you lived in the great city, you feared it that day. London seemed a place to get lost in and never be missed. But those chimney-cans mean firesides at which both old people and little children sit, it may be dreaming dreams and seeing visions, just as the young and the old did ages ago. A well-known lady writer tells us that she sat by the bedside of an old man in a wretched garret in the East-end of London, and found him apparently quite uninterested in what she was saying. The minister of a neighbouring church came to see him one day and spoke to him of the need of repentance, and the joys of heaven. After he had gone, the old man lay staring out at the mass of chimney-cans which could be seen from his window. At last he spoke: 'E said as 'ow there were golden streets in them parts. I ain't no ways particular wot they're made of, but it'll feel nat'ral like if there's *chimneys* too.'

'The sun,' the writer continues, 'stretched a sudden finger, and painted the chimney-pots red and gold against the smoke-dimmed sky, and with his face alight with surprised relief my friend died.'

Some people would smile at the idea of such an old man having a vision of the New Jerusalem, but Michael Fairless, as the writer called herself,

believed that even in this world poor and lonely folks sometimes see the New Jerusalem all round about them. If John Bunyan had not been shut up in prison, with no outlook but four ugly walls, we should never have had his wonderful dream of how Christian journeyed from this world to a better. Then it was when the Apostle John was in banishment on the lonely Island of Patmos that the vision came to him about the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, about which the minister told the old man who lived up amongst the London chimney-cans.

Visions come to some boys and girls. You may have a schoolfellow who is very keen on making bargains. He is not a bad scholar; he can 'count,' and he is good at history. He is generally referred to as an all-round sensible chap. The master has picked him out for the commercial side. Then there's one who is a great favourite. You have heard him spoken of as being 'harum-scarum.' Those who know him well say he has original ideas about things, and they wonder how he ever got there. There was a school I once knew very well. One day there came a new scholar—a big boy from the country. We watched him, thinking to find something to laugh at. But he quickly showed that he knew more than any one of us. In the days that followed we realized that a very clever student was in our Latin class. He often seemed absent-minded; we did not really understand him. But years afterwards we learned something of his home life, and how when he herded his mother's cows on a hillside he had seen visions that made him resolve to be not only a great scholar but a seeker after God. His life was a short one, but he left books written by himself and the memory of a young life of exceptional promise.

When on earth, Jesus Christ walked about with men who, although they loved, could not understand Him. Looking at the same wayside object—it might be a tree, or a wayside flower—that object would have a very different meaning for them from what it had for Him. And so it would be with the wind, or with a thunderstorm. One day a great company had gathered together to listen to the wonderful things He said. Many could not understand; it was as if Jesus, while speaking to them, was full of the thought of His Father. He knew what lay before Him, and each day was bringing it nearer. He did not lack courage. He

was on earth to do His Father's will. When He felt troubled He had the vision of what He came to the world for, and that made Him say, 'I am ready.' When in presence of the multitude He raised His eyes to heaven, and said, 'Father, glorify thy name,' and immediately there came a sound from heaven we can imagine what different interpretations the listeners would put upon it. Some said, 'That was thunder.' Others who had been influenced by Jesus said, 'It was an angel who was speaking.' But Jesus knew it was His Father speaking words of good cheer to Him.

Things appear to us according to what we are ourselves. You know that there are mornings when you have felt better for having said your prayers. You went out to school, thinking that it was very good to be alive. You even said to yourself, 'God must be good, a friend, one who loves us.' You were having a vision. And you never thought of it. You just thought that it was something in yourself that told you to hope. Jesus Christ tried to make things simple for us; and He spoke of visions in words that boys and girls can understand quite well. He certainly said that it was something within ourselves that enables us to see them, for His words were, 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'

The Christian Year.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

A Human God.

'I came not to destroy the law and the prophets.'—Mt 5¹⁷.

In studying the life and literature of the ancient Hebrews as portrayed in the Old Testament, the student should always bear in mind a simple principle which has often been ignored, alike by the critics and the eulogists of that collection. The Old Testament represents the developing life of a people through a period of at least a thousand years. It therefore portrays the crudities, the errors, and the vices of a people out of which they have been led, no less than the principles inculcated by their leaders. And in the Old Testament the defects in the national character are depicted with extraordinary fidelity. But in attempting to estimate the influence of any people upon modern thought and life, we do not measure that influence by the ignorances, superstitions, and falsities of the common people, but by the truths

which their great leaders have interpreted. We do not think the message of Great Britain has been absolutism because the Stuarts were absolutists, nor that the message of America is the righteousness of slavery because at one time in its history it maintained an almost pagan slave system. England is interpreted by its overthrow of the Stuarts, and America by its emancipation of the slaves. The slaughter of the Canaanites and the imprecatory psalms are not a part of the message of Israel. They indicate the native savagery of the people and make more luminous the message of their prophetic leaders.

And this message itself was a developing message. The truth of God grows in the mind of a race as in the mind of an individual. In measuring the character and influence of a nation, we have to consider, not its condition at any one stage of its progress, but the direction in which it progressed; not the opinions of its majority, but the ideals of its leaders.

The Hebrew prophets were not the first monotheists. The great thinkers in all ages of the world and in all forms of religion have tended toward belief in one Infinite and Eternal Energy. This was the philosophy, if it was not the faith, of the spiritual aristocracy of India and of Egypt in periods prior to any history of Israel which we possess. On the other hand, it is quite certain that in the early history of Israel the people believed in many gods; they rested content in the conviction that their God, Jehovah, was superior to the gods of the peoples round about. And it is by no means certain that this popular opinion was not for a time shared by some of their eminent leaders.

What was peculiar to the ancient Hebrews was their faith in a human God. The pagan nations with whom they had any acquaintance looked through nature to nature's god. Nature was to them the symbol and the interpretation of the Deity. Nature, therefore, in its various manifestations, was the object of their reverence. Nature reverence took on a great variety of forms, from the worship of the sun to the worship of the sacred ox or the sacred beetle. Israel from the very beginning of its history was led elsewhere for its symbol and interpretation of Deity. Its prophets looked, not through nature to nature's god, but through humanity to humanity's God. Signs of polytheism there are in Israel's history—

that is, the recognition, if not the adoration, of many gods; but there are no signs of nature worship except in occasional scathing condemnation of it as a departure from the faith of the fathers. The philosophers have coined a long word to represent this faith in a human God; they call it anthropomorphism, from two Greek words, meaning in the form of man. The religion of Israel was frankly anthropomorphic.

This, their fundamental faith, does not merely appear in the declaration of the first chapter of Genesis that God made man in His own image. It is easy to put too much emphasis on a single text. That conception of creation might have been, and perhaps was, borrowed from a foreign and earlier source. But the whole Jewish conception of God, life, and duty rested on and was developed out of this idea—that it is within, not without, in the intellectual and moral life of man, not in the forms and phenomena of nature, that man is to look for his interpretation of the Being whom he is to reverence and obey.

This belief is implied in the visit of the three angels of the Lord to Abraham in his tent; in the report that Jehovah wrote the Ten Commandments with His finger on the tables of stone; in the appearance at Jericho of the captain of Jehovah's host as a man with drawn sword in his hand; in the similar appearance of the Lord of Hosts, in the Temple, to Isaiah; and in the vision of the Son of God in the fiery furnace with the three Hebrew children. It is implied in the figures of prophet and poet, who compare God rarely to any physical object, habitually to a human life. Like as a shepherd shepherdeth his sheep; like as a king ruleth over his people; like as a father pitieth his children; like as a mother comforteth her child—these and such as these figures direct the thoughts of Israel inward in their search for the Eternal. The customary prophetic phrase, 'Thus saith Jehovah,' inevitably suggests a human God speaking to his earthly companion.

Nor was this conception confined to the seers and prophets. It characterized the Temple service. In the Holy of Holies of all heathen temples a symbol of the Deity was enshrined. Such a symbol was enshrined in the Holy of Holies of the Jewish Temple. But there it was not an image of a physical object, but a symbol of a human experience. The symbols of the

Deity were the Ten Commandments and the Altar of Mercy. Thus the Temple repeated the message of the prophets, saying, Would you know whom to worship? Look within. Worship the God who is interpreted by the law written in your conscience and by the compassion which you feel for the suffering and the sinful. It is not power, it is justice and mercy which make Jehovah worthy of your reverence and your loyalty.

As the Jewish religion thus taught its votaries the humanness of God, it taught also, and by the same figures, the divinity of man. Man was made in the image of God; into man God has breathed the breath of His own life. Man is the offspring of God. Thus the same fundamental conception of man's origin and nature taught the ancient Jew the approachableness of God and the dignity of man. And this aspect of man's inherent worth and dignity is not dependent on a single text. It is implicit in the whole religious and political history of Israel. It is involved in the doctrine of possible fellowship between God and man, which is perhaps the most distinguishing note of the Old Testament. God is something more and other than a Creator and Ruler concealed behind nature; He is the Friend and Companion of man, and gives him law and counsel and comfort. Jehovah, said the Psalmist, is my shepherd. He leadeth me beside the still waters. If I stray, He restoreth my soul. If I come into darkness and the valley of the shadow of death, He goes with me there. He is my refuge and my fortress. Unknown He may be; but I can dwell in the secret place of the Most High: I can abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

And He is represented as with Israel not only in his hours of devotion but in his common tasks. It is He who inspires the artisan to devise cunning works in gold and in silver, to cut the stone and carve the timber and embroider the cloths for the Temple service. It is He who teaches the farmer how to plough and harvest and sow his fields and how to thresh his wheat and winnow it. It is He who enables the warrior to run through an opposing troop and leap in his flight over an obstructing wall; He who enables the hunter to scale the dangerous precipice. So close is His companionship with Israel that to commune with one's own soul is to commune with Him. 'Jehovah will hear when I call upon him. Stand in awe and sin not; commune with your own heart upon your bed,

and be still.' 'To the Jew,' says James Cotter Morison, 'God is the Great Companion, the profound and loving, yet terrible, friend of his inmost soul, with whom he holds communion in the sanctuary of his heart, to whom he turns or should turn, in every hour of adversity or happiness.' All this implies not only faith in God, it implies also faith in oneself as being of kin to God and fitted for companionship with Him.

It is because man is thus of kin to God that he can understand the law. That law is addressed to his reason and his conscience. It is always portrayed as a reasonable and a just law, which is only another way of saying that it appeals to man's reason and sense of justice. In truth, the law was not something external given to him; it was an interpretation to him of his own nature. The law was the law of his own being; its enunciation by the prophet was simply an interpretation to him of himself. He had only to look within to find its verification and its sanction. Jehovah is portrayed by the author of the Book of Deuteronomy as saying to Israel:

'For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.'

This was the fundamental teaching of the prophets of the Old Testament—that God dwells with man and dwells in man.

This truth is dramatically illustrated in the experience of Elijah. Disappointed by the failure of his attempted reformation of religion, finding the worship of Baal very much alive although many of the priests of Baal had been slain, his life threatened by the Queen, himself deserted by the people, depressed and hoping for death, he was summoned by Jehovah for an interview at Mount Horeb. The great convulsions of nature which he witnessed fitted his mood but brought him no message. A tempest swept through the valley and broke in pieces the rocks, but Jehovah was not in the wind; an earthquake followed, He was not in the earthquake; volcanic fires flamed from the ground, He was not in the fires. But

when all had passed by, and a great quiet followed, a still small voice spake to him. And the still small voice was the voice of his God and brought him God's message.

This truth that God dwells with man and in man is interpreted in Israel's declaration that He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain dwells in the man of a humble heart and a contrite spirit. And it interprets the universal presence of God, as expressed in such a passage as the 139th Psalm:

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?

Or whither shall I flee from thy face?

If I climb up into heaven, thou art there:

Or if I make Hades my bed, lo, thou art there,

If I lift up the wings of the dawn,

And settle at the farther end of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me,

And thy right hand take hold of me.

And if I say, 'Let deep darkness screen me,

And the light about me be night';

Even darkness is not dark with thee,

But the night is clear as the day:

The darkness is equal to the light.

God's presence is intimate, continuous, inescapable. Man cannot escape from God because God dwells in man, and man cannot escape from himself.¹

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Children of Light.

'Walk as children of light,'—Eph 5⁸.

'Walk as children of light.' 'Ye were once darkness, but now light in the Lord.' As such go about your work. As such speak often one to another. As such move among men. Let no moment find you forgetful of what you are. As drawing your vital power from an unseen source, and that source victorious purity; in this unfailing, inspiring consciousness, think, speak, act.

1. How many a boy has found the first impulse to a noble life in the thought of the stock from which he sprang! They whose name he bears, whose blood flows in his veins, whose features and manners (it may be) live again in him, spent their whole energy, gave their life, perhaps, for their

¹ L. Abbott, *What Christianity Means to Me*.

country's honour, or for the advancement of science, or for the welfare of the poor. The first stir of the boy's heart comes from the discovery that he is their offspring.

2. But it is not only in the scions of a famous race that such a motive finds scope. How many a life that has left a deep mark on a nation or on a Church has been the bursting forth (so to speak) of the pent-up forces of generations! Perhaps we linger over the record of such a life bound by a stronger spell than that which holds us in reading of the bearer of a great name. So many high ambitions, so many deeply cherished aspirations, so many stirrings of conscious power, so many silent tears and prayers, so many deeds of unrecorded heroism, so many years of faithfulness over a very little, rise before our minds as we think of all that went to the making of such a man.

3. Yet, fascinating as such thoughts are, irresistible as is the desire to know whence the doer of such deeds was sprung, there is a question that more imperatively demands an answer, that has a far more thrilling interest. When we have gone through the long gallery, and told the tale of the great and noble whence our hero sprung; or closed our eyes and bidden our imagination bring before us his sturdy forbears of the village, the brave and tender women whose courage and gentleness have borne fruit in him—when we have done all this, we have but as it were gathered the fuel. 'What fired him?' we ask, when an apostle of Jesus Christ bids us walk as children of Light, he is pointing us at once to an origin, the glory of which a roll of noble ancestors can only dimly suggest; to ages of waiting for God's salvation, whose accumulated forces we inherit; and to a vital spark, a contact with reality, such as has power to arm us for deeds of emancipation more blessed, more far-reaching even, than those which a Wilberforce or a Lincoln wrought.

What was it that made that ungainly backwoodsman strong to rouse a nation to its mighty task? Why did the smart New Yorker so soon forget the awkward figure, and crumpled dress, and queer pronunciation of Abraham Lincoln, and find himself on his feet shouting with the thousands who filled the great hall, and leave it at the end of the three hours' speech, saying, 'He is the greatest man since St. Paul,' and add, when telling it years afterwards, 'And I think so yet'? Much of course had gone to the making of that hour. Those

readings of Burns and Shakespeare in the log hut; those long evenings of story-telling in the village tavern; those years of kind and honourable use of keen wits in the law courts of Illinois. They were all bearing fruit, no doubt. But all these had their spring. Even before the time when he knelt as a little boy by his mother's grave, listening to the preacher whom his own childish note had summoned, he had begun to learn 'to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God.' And it mattered not to the youth or the man where he found himself; it mattered not how hard the faces around him might look; it mattered not how discordant the note struck by the last speaker, Abraham Lincoln spoke and acted as one who felt and acknowledged the supremacy of justice, mercy, and humility, and the futility of any walk for man or nation that was not a walk with God.¹

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Apostolic Grace.

'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, was this grace given, to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.'—Eph 3⁸.

These words sum up the apostle's ministry at the moment of its culmination. It is the calm and triumphant expression of the motives and intuitions which inspired it from first to last.

It is of the utmost importance to observe at the outset that the characteristic grace given to him is seen by St. Paul to consist in his apostleship to the Gentiles. The distinctive mark of that apostleship is its purpose to share, on equal terms, the highest blessings of the gospel with those who have hitherto been most remote from the privileges of the people of God, and have been deemed incapable of sharing them. That is to say, the man whose early life had stood in and for the exclusive election of Israel, and had counted this as the outstanding mark of divine favour, now, on the contrary, has so come to apprehend the love of God and His universal purpose in Christ, that the crowning gift of grace consists for him in the power to rise above all these narrow limitations of pride, prejudice, and early training. His glory is that as preacher, teacher, combatant, and worker, his life, in its spiritual power and passion, has become, not only an assertion, but an expression of the inmost heart and the world-embracing design of

¹ G. H. Whitaker in *The Cambridge Review*.

eternal and infinite love. The grace of ministry is that it enables its recipient to pass for ever, through Christ, out of the paltry narrowness of nature into the magnificence of 'the Father, from whom every fatherhood in heaven and on earth is named.'

This determining quality of the apostolic grace has a sevenfold manifestation.

1. In the first place, St. Paul preaches 'among the Gentiles.' His sphere is never narrower than mankind, and his first endeavour is to reach those who are outside. No restricted, parochial, or even partial conception of ministry can satisfy him as he becomes one with the yearning of the Heart of God. And as his ministry knows no restriction, so it tolerates no reserves. The offer to the Gentiles is of the 'unsearchable riches of Christ' in all the wealth of their unexplored infinity. The impassioned zeal, which seeks the last and lowliest of mankind, will offer to them nothing poorer than 'the breadth and length and height and depth.'

2. Secondly, this offer is made on the strength of a deep, ever-growing, and illimitable experience. On no other ground is it possible to speak of 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.' There are three stages of this experience. First, *Christ*: personal acquaintance with and apprehension of Him, as Redeemer, Lord, and Life. Then, *the riches of Christ*, as contact with Him brings to the spirit the wealth, power, and satisfaction that are in Him and are shared by Him with those who are joined to Him so as to become one Spirit. Lastly, the *unsearchable* riches of Christ, as the intimacy of unbroken fellowship leads on and on, till the believer finds that the source from which he is continually enriched is boundless as God Himself, and rewards a pursuit extended to the infinite and eternal.

3. Thirdly, the ministry is one of illumination. 'To make all men see.' It assumes, appeals to, and satisfies a divine capacity everywhere present. It counts upon the divine grace to awaken this capacity; to open the eyes of hearts which hitherto the god of this world has blinded. The ministry is sight-restoring and sight-satisfying.

The vision of Christ, furthermore, brings men into such acquaintance with the secret, 'the mystery,' of God, that God, the universe, and history are revealed and explained by the fulfilled purpose of saving grace. The demands which reason, hope, and aspiration make of the universe are satisfied. Men fore-ordained, called, justified,

and glorified in Christ Jesus enter into the heritage of confidence and insight which can only be based on knowledge of the heart and mind, the end and way of 'God, who created all things.'

4. Further, in and through this ministry the Church is established and built up as a fellowship of believers. It is so heavenly that it makes known 'in the heavenly places' 'the manifold wisdom of God.' Yet this heavenly fellowship is so human that it is the firstfruits of mankind, ultimately to be united in the citizenship of the saints and the household of God. The preaching of the gospel attains its end and acquires its indispensable instrument in the edification of the Church, as the living embodiment of and witness to the redemptive grace of God in Christ.

5. Again, in accomplishing this ministry, the apostle is joyfully conscious that he is serving the central purpose of God—the end which alone explains and justifies the meaning and process of the world. His task is not accidental or subordinate. The ministry of grace consummates history, unifies all the divine forces that govern its evolution, and gives to the whole the spiritual value which alone answers to the Idea of God and to the immanent possibilities of man.

6. Once more, the prosecution of such a ministry involves the joyful acceptance of a vicarious passion. 'Wherefore I ask that ye faint not at my tribulations for you, which are your glory.' The crown of a ministry which gives expression to the grace of God, and has fellowship with the atoning Christ, is that it involves, and is capable of braving, labours, hardships, oppositions, beyond those of ordinary men. Without them apostolic ministry comes short of its characteristic filling up of 'that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ' on behalf of His Church. The grace of ministry is so abundant as to reproduce the Cross in those who fulfil it, and to make this essential experience, not only a matter of expectation, but of rejoicing and thanksgiving.

7. Finally, the spiritual power and passion of this ministry pass on into and are perfected by ceaseless prayer and intercession. 'For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father.' The apostle's very personality has become uplifted to God and enlarged to include the Church. Hence, his sense of the unsearchable riches of Christ, and his desire that they should be enjoyed, expand into an intercession which is the highest fulfilment of ministry.

And this intercession, rising out of the exultant experience of grace, passes into the enraptured doxology, which celebrates the boundlessness of the power of God, not as an abstract conception, but as already energizing in the Church.

Such is the glorious nature and spirit of the apostle's ministry—the fruit of the grace given to him by God. It is founded in spiritual experience. It apprehends the universal purpose of redeeming love, and gives expression to it. It builds up the Church by untiring devotion and joyful suffering on its behalf. It breathes throughout the spirit of ceaseless intercession, in which the apostle becomes one with the Father to whom it is offered, with the blessings of spiritual power, of Christ's indwelling and of heart-filling love which he seeks, and with the whole company of the Church for whom he seeks them.¹

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Power.

'Ye shall receive power.'—Ac 1⁸.

It would be well if we could eradicate from conversation the words 'striking personality,' whenever they are used to mean 'the kind of person I could never be like.' Personality is not the monopoly of the few; it can be acquired. It can indeed be acquired in a certain degree even by the least talented. A 'striking personality' is no more, but no less, than a channel for power. To be quite clear, let such power be defined under two heads.

1. First there is the power of our instinctive energies. It has been often pointed out that in moments of crisis or of great emergency a man will suddenly become endowed with abnormal powers of mental or physical endurance, and yet when the crisis is past, he will often suffer from no undue consciousness of fatigue. Countless illustrations could be given of the existence in our natural inheritance of immense reserves of energy, by most of us unused, if not actually abused and misapplied. The amount in which different men and women possess such energy varies of course enormously; this is a matter of what is called 'temperament,' and is largely governed by the physical tendencies which we inherit, or by the bodily habits and conditions developed by our environment or by our own actions. It must be

¹ J. Scott Lidgett, *Apostolic Ministry*.

admitted, too, that the willingness or ability to find and apply that natural energy will again be a matter of temperament, for which no man is entirely responsible, and which no man can entirely change.

Even so there is hope for us all. We are too much inclined to accept limitations that need not exist for us and to live far below our maximum. It is desperate work to listen to any one, particularly those on the threshold of life, making some such remark as this (and it is my fate constantly to hear it): 'Yes, I wish I could do it; but, you see, it requires a man with real personality.' The implication is that the speaker feels he has no personality to speak of and never could have. There is no more damaging suggestion that a man can make to himself. He will get what he expects; he deserves to be for life the dull and ineffective creature that he plans to become. If such an attitude of mind is humility, then such humility is vice rather than virtue. The man must learn that his natural endowment equips him with wonderful powers, and, if he will take the trouble to develop them, he is half-way towards achieving the 'personality' of which before he had despaired.

2. In going the rest of the way he will need to learn true humility. For the other factor in personality that is within his reach is simply the power of God. We will for clearness' sake distinguish this absolutely from our natural endowment. We may believe that the Holy Spirit works through our nature, or that our natural faculties are themselves divine. But let us also quite clearly maintain a belief in the spiritual power which, though outside ourselves, is available for our use. This is the twofold secret of personality; it may not reap earthly honours and rewards; it may not bring a great name, but it will wield an influence, no less actual because unacknowledged, and it will get things done in life that need doing. It is within the reach of all of us in varying degrees and it is life-power.

The present generation is stepping out into a world that is baffling in the problems that it presents. No problem offers any apparent solution. Moral standards, never of any great nobility at least in this century, are toppling down; religion, the newcomer is told, has failed. Every man then for himself, to make the best for himself of a world that is bound to be pretty bad! Psychologists tell us that hope of some kind is a

factor in all human conduct; all conduct is purposeful; there can be no purpose in life without hope. But we need a hope that will become self-conscious and dynamic, and this hope, if it is to be universal, can be found in Christ alone.¹

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Joy and Sorrow.

'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'—Ps 30⁶.

This is one of the brightest flashes in a Psalm of singular pathos and beauty. Every word of this hymn of praise wells up from the depths of a full and overflowing heart, and as stanza follows stanza the hymn rises in gladness, sweetness, and power till the climax is reached in a burst of triumphant joy. It is a pæan of praise, the rapture of a soul brought up from the depths of despair to the heights of perfect bliss. 'Thou hast turned for me,' explains the Psalmist, 'my mourning into dancing, to the end that my soul may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O Lord, my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.'

The dark night of agony and weeping has passed, and the morning, bright, fresh, beautiful, a morning without a cloud, has burst upon him in floods of light and joy. 'Thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness.' This Psalm, brief though it is, is an epitome of life. You remember in 'The Grandmother,' the words Tennyson puts into the old woman's lips as she talks to the little child:

Shadow and shine is life, little Annie,
Flower and thorn.

Well, shadow and shine, flower and thorn are all here in this outburst of a once sad and suffering but now joy-filled heart. The weeping had been long and terrible, and it seemed as if the black night would never end, but the morning suddenly broke in golden glory over all the world, and the shadows fled away; and the conclusion the sufferer arrived at should bring great consolation to all sore hearts at this dark and trying hour. It was this. The darkness has its set bounds; it cannot endure beyond its appointed limits. Its blackest moment close-heralds the dawn, when our tears shall be turned to laughter, our weeping into joy.

Joy and sorrow never come separately. God

never sends the one without an undertone of the other. Mere joy is not for sinners, and mere sorrow is what the Lord of mercy will not send upon His creatures. The natural man is eager to drink his cup of happiness unmixed, and refuses the drop of bitterness that is needed to give it flavour; and if sorrow comes to him he rebels, because he will not see that every sorrow brings to the willing heart something better than the mere happiness for which he sells himself in this life and the other.

1. Look first at joy. There neither is nor can be joy without a touch of sorrow in it; and we miss the true joy if we try to take it alone. Take the joys of sense, of wealth, of ambition, even of knowledge. All these have their pains, and all are base and disappointing unless they lead up to the true joy of life, the joy of human love and kindness. This, I grant, is joy of the right sort, pure and well-pleasing to the God of love; but it never comes alone. The truer it is, the deeper is our sense of the sin which debases it and the weakness that limits it. However deep our yearnings over the sick and dying, ours are not the sinless eyes that had power to heal the sick and raise the dead. The better the man, the more he feels his weakness and sin. The Pharisee is well pleased with himself, and thanks God that he is not as other men; it is the saint, and the saint in his loftiest joy, who feels most keenly that however human love and kindness may image the love of God and lead up to it, still nothing but an infinite love can finally satisfy the infinite nature of a child of God. 'Thou hast made us for thyself, O God, and our heart is restless till it rest in thee.'

2. So, too, sorrow is never the pure and simple trouble the natural man takes it for. The Lord doth not afflict willingly the sons of men. His love must underlie the sorrow, and His mercy shine above it, if we will only lift up our hearts to the Lord and see it. If God is love, so must it be. It is along with them that love Him that He worketh all things for good. We are labourers together with God; and in the work of God the sorrowful and the afflicted may take the noblest part of all. They may seem only receivers of human love and kindness; but there is something wrong with them if they are not givers also. If they cannot give in one way, they can in another; and thrice blessed that way will be. But they cannot give what is not in them; and that which

¹ T. W. Pym, *Psychology and the Christian Life*.

is in them must be the love of Christ shed abroad in their hearts. There is no sorrow or affliction which does not bring with it new gifts of the love of Christ, no sorrow or affliction which has not its undertone of triumph over it in Christ who loves us. 'For I am persuaded that neither

death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'¹

¹ H. M. Gwatkin, *The Sacrifice of Thankfulness*.

Recent Foreign Theology.

'Evangelical Catholicism.'

ROMAN CATHOLICISM was 'the spiritual fatherland' of Dr. Friedrich Heiler, who is now Professor of the Comparative History of Religion in the University of Marburg. In the course of his religious pilgrimage from the strictest Ultramontaniam to Evangelical Catholicism, he found temporary halting-places, first in Reformed Catholicism 'dogmatically correct, but open-minded and progressive,' and later in Catholic Modernism 'imperilling dogma, but cherishing the religious spirit of primitive Catholicism.' His special studies have laid bare the diverse roots of Roman Catholicism, and he has been greatly influenced by the Archbishop of Upsala's earnest pleading for the re-uniting of Christendom in an Evangelical Catholicism. Under the auspices of Dr. Söderblom, Professor Heiler has delivered, in the Universities of Upsala and Lund, also in Stockholm, six lectures which, since their publication in a single volume,² have been much discussed both in Germany and in Sweden. The formidable task of comparing the relative merits and demerits of Protestantism and Romanism is attempted with Harnack's dictum as the guiding principle: 'The false method in controversy is the comparison of the good *theory* of one's own church with the bad *practice* of another. Theory ought to be compared with theory, and practice with practice.'

'Catholicism is Syncretism' is the theme of the first lecture. The researches of the last thirty years have shown that it is 'the product of an enormously complex evolutionary process which has been going on for centuries.' It is a '*complexio*

oppositorum, a unique amalgam of entirely diverse elements, almost all the important non-Christian religions having furnished stones for the building of the mighty Catholic church.' In the East the syncretism of popular religion and ecclesiasticism, of theology and mysticism was firmly established in the sixth and seventh centuries; but in the West the process continued throughout the Middle Ages. 'Thomas Aquinas, with the help of the Aristotelian categories, included in one comprehensive and logical system faith and knowledge, authority and freedom, mysticism and scholasticism, religion and politics, evangelical and hierarchical elements, Augustinianism and Aristotelianism.' When Syncretism had reached its climax, there came the powerful reaction of the Lutheran Reformation, which, so far from destroying Catholicism, resulted in the welding of the *Summa Theologia* of Aquinas into the binding dogmas of the Council of Trent. Heiler sees in the decrees of that Council a fettering of evangelical freedom which was the beginning of a policy, the ultimate effect of which was Vaticanism and the assumption of all power by the Pope and the Roman Curia. 'Nevertheless, in its magnificent syncretism Catholicism includes religious treasures so varied that living piety may from it derive nourishment.'

The main elements in this Syncretism are five: Paganism, or primitive religion; Judaism, the religion of law; Romanism, the religion of hierarchical prerogative; Hellenism, the religion of mysticism; and Evangelicalism, the religion of gospel revelation. Survivals of primitive Paganism are found in popular conceptions of the Real Presence, in tendencies towards polytheism, and especially in Mariolatry. 'When I ceased to pray to Mary, I was no longer a devout Catholic, I had become, inwardly, an evangelical Christian.' Late Judaism and Islam are the two typical examples of

² *Das Wesen des Katholizismus*, von Friedrich Heiler, Dr. Phil.; ausserordentlicher Professor der vergleichenden Religionsgeschichte an der Universität Marburg. München, 1920: Ernst Reinhardt.

religious legalism. In these religions the law is contained in sacred books and is expounded by Rabbis and Ulemas. But in Catholicism the living, infallible Church takes the place of the authoritative book. 'Obedience to the law of God is for a strict Catholic synonymous with obedience to the ecclesiastical authority.' By two different priests Heiler was refused absolution because he could not accept the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary proclaimed in 1854, and he acknowledges that their action was entirely correct. 'Faith signifies obedience, absolute submission to authority.' To ancient Rome the priestly jurisprudence of Roman Catholicism is traced, but the 'note' of the truly Christian Church is not insistence on rights, but inculcation of duties. Hierarchy is a *contradictio in adjecto*; 'holiness and lordship are like fire and water, for no man attains to holiness without humility, meekness and service.'

So far Heiler has dwelt on the darker side of his theme, making it plain always that it is not individuals but a system that he is condemning. With manifest relief he proceeds, in the third lecture, to show that in Catholic piety there is a higher mystical as well as an evangelical element. For many Romanists Catholicism is nothing but Mysticism; everything else is merely the protecting husk. And by mysticism is meant 'that deep individual piety of the heart for which there is room even in rigid Catholicism.' This mystical piety is, however, remote from Catholicism as commonly understood. Yet, inasmuch as mysticism is a religion of passivity, shunning strife and struggle, submitting to the hardest yoke, Catholic mystics humbly submit to papal claims and joyfully sacrifice the intellect when required to renounce their own theological theories. Sacramentalism is also harmonized with this spiritual religion, for by means of symbols and rites those who are incapable of higher mystical experiences may learn something of the secret. Moreover, for mystics themselves the eucharistic elements are the outward sign of God's gracious presence for which they long. 'All the awe and rapture of mystical devotion and adoration are experienced by the pious soul as the great moment approaches when the priest transubstantiates the bread into the body of Christ.' From the higher forms of the mystical piety of Catholicism, evangelical Christians have much to learn, but although there is evan-

gelical Christianity at the heart of Catholicism, it is only one of five components and does not always dominate the pagan, legal, hierarchical, and mystical elements. Luther proclaimed the ideal of personal religion, but as yet the ideal of a universal evangelical Church has not been realized. That ideal is not a syncretism in which the gospel of Christ is only one element along with others, but a universalism which rests upon an evangelical basis; in other words, it is Evangelical Catholicism.

The purpose of the fourth lecture on 'Catholic and Evangelical Christianity' is to show that Catholicism and Evangelicalism are different forms of Christianity and that the Roman Curia has no more right to deny that Evangelicals are true Christians than Protestants have to assert that Catholicism is a relapse into heathenism. 'Evangelical Christianity presents a higher religious ideal; but in Catholicism there is a richer and more diversified religious life.' The Christian ideal of *piety* is evangelical, but the Christian ideal of *the Church* is Catholic, albeit purified. Perfected Christianity must include both ideals. Two ways lead to the desired goal. The existence of an evangelical element in Catholicism implies the possibility of its reformation. Many earnest Romanists long for a 'religious Catholicism,' which means a Catholicism freed from pagan superstition, from Jewish legalism, and from Romish hierarchism. To attain this end has been the aim of Catholic Modernism, but it has been too greatly influenced by Catholic Mysticism and has possessed too little of the evangelical spirit. Owing, however, to the unyielding attitude of the Roman bureaucracy, Heiler thinks it is more likely that the goal of an evangelical Catholicism will be reached by following the lead of the Archbishop of Upsala, who holds that on an evangelical foundation a new great Church may be erected which, in architectonic majesty and internal dignity shall compare favourably with the ancient Catholic Church. This is no modern conception. Lessing, and after him Geiger, expressed the hope that to the Petrine Church (the Roman Catholic) and to the Pauline Church (the Evangelical) there should succeed the Johannine Church—the ideal Christian Church.

In his fifth lecture Dr. Heiler acknowledges that to speak of 'Evangelical Catholicism' is to combine two words which represent 'two religious worlds, which have, it is true, many elements in common, but are nevertheless so entirely different

in principle that for those who live in one it is exceedingly difficult to penetrate into the inward realm of the other.' Many years of laborious study and painful conflict have given him an inner view of both forms of Christianity and inspired him with the hope of a future synthesis. 'Evangelical Catholicism' implies 'the shaping and transforming of the Catholic ideal by an Evangelical spirit.' Under five headings the possibility of re-minting the fine gold whilst rejecting the dross is considered.

1. *Ecclesia una*.—In the Roman Catholic Church the conception of unity has found effective although distorted expression. In the *una evangelica ecclesia* there must be room for the ritual of the High Churchman and the Puritanism of the Calvinist, for the elaborately organized National Church and the freedom-loving sects. But it is not evangelical to maintain a sectarian isolation. Rome's claim to infallibility and her insistence on unconditional submission make the realization of the ideal of a universal Christian Church impossible; all the more important is it to strive for the union of the non-Roman churches. This union would be no rigid ecclesiastical system with fixed regulations, but a living society which, notwithstanding the differences which separate its members one from another, is conscious of its oneness in Christ its Head, and unites in common efforts to spread the Kingdom of God. 'Evangelical Catholicism' will translate into deeds the words of St. Paul: 'We, who are many, are one body' (1 Co 10¹⁷).

2. *Authority*.—The fundamental difference between the Romish and the Evangelical principle of authority is that, in the former case, it is institutional, and in the latter it is personal. Heiler favours the Episcopal form of Church government, rejoicing that the revolution in Germany has swept away that grotesque caricature of ecclesiastical dignity, which conferred upon the Emperor the *Summepiskopat*. The Evangelical Bishop will illustrate in the fulfilment of his pastoral duties the apostolic word: 'Not that we have lordship over your faith, but are helpers of your joy' (2 Co 1²⁴).

3. *The Confessional*.—Heiler expresses the warmest appreciation of the moral and spiritual guidance given to devout inquirers by many a father confessor who is, in every respect, what the

Eastern Church calls him, a *πνευματικός πατήρ*. But *corruptio optimi pessima* applies here. In the study of casuistry many Romish priests lose that sound judgment and that delicate tact which are essential for the right discharge of this most difficult of all their duties. In 'Evangelical Catholicism,' as it is here described, the confessor would not be responsible to the Pope, but only to God. His duty would not be to expound a code of moral rules, but to point to Jesus as the Christian's example and the sinner's friend. On this subject, many will not follow Heiler in every detail who are in general sympathy with him. In other modes of Christian fellowship they will obey the Apostolic injunction: 'Confess your sins one to another' (Ja 5¹⁶).

4. *Divine Worship*.—Full justice is done to the solemnity and impressiveness of Roman Catholic ceremonial; with its æsthetic attractiveness Evangelical services cannot compare. Yet, speaking from his own experience when for the first time he worshipped in an Evangelical church, Heiler says: 'As the minister offered the Lord's prayer from the pulpit, there came over me the same deep inward devotional feeling of which I was formerly conscious during the act of consecration in the Mass. . . . In the Catholic liturgy the Lord's prayer is only a sacred formulary which is recited or sung, too often mechanically.' On the other hand, the defect in the worship of Protestant churches is said to be lack of fervency in corporate prayer. What is needed is a synthesis of the subjective and the objective in worship.

5. *Mysticism*.—By the mystical experience of her great saints Roman Catholic worship has been inspired and enriched. 'Evangelical Catholicism,' whilst fully aware of the perils of quietism, ecstasy, etc., cannot dispense with the mystical element in piety. 'Modern Evangelical Christianity needs greater fervency of spirit, an intenser realization of the Divine presence, in a word more mysticism.' Hence 'Evangelical Catholicism' will be a synthesis of mystical and evangelical religion, but in the centre there will be not mystical conception but gospel truths. 'The Church which is at once Evangelical and Catholic, Christian and universal—the Church whose soul is evangelical and whose body is catholic—this is the ideal Church.'

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The Man at the Other End of the Sermon.

AN ADDRESS TO MINISTERS.

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THERE is a man at both ends of the Sermon. There is the man who preaches, and the man who listens: the man in the pulpit, and the man in the pew. The man in the pulpit has received much attention. He is provided with a long and thorough training for his work. Many books have been written in his interests, and for his inspiration. And so, though I am addressing him just now, I will take him for granted, for my purpose is to speak of the man at the other end of the Sermon—the man who has to listen to it, who suffers under it, or who is redeemed by it;—the much neglected but *all-important Man in the Pew*. For, after all, we preachers exist for him; and unless we keep him clearly in view in all that concerns preaching and the education of the preacher, we shall altogether miss our way, and our most eloquent sermons will be still-born, or worse, a mere crackling of thorns under a pot, full of sound and (possibly) of fury, but signifying—nothing.

I.

THE MAN IN THE PEW—who is he? *He is just the average man, in all the multiplicity of his conditions, in all the variety of his experiences, in all the stages of his spiritual growth or decay.* Every congregation is a microcosm of the race, a miniature of humanity in all the grandeur and littleness of its nature. We see there old and young; rich and poor; cultured and simple; good, bad, and indifferent. Those upturned faces whom you and I meet week by week,—what do they stand for? They stand for all the tragedy, the comedy, the commonplace, the pettiness, the greatness of life. There is endless variety there, a perplexing mixture of faces, conditions, and experiences; so much so that we may well ask: How can any one man, however cultured, sympathetic, well-trained, meet the needs of any—even the tiniest—congregation, with its diversities of thought, intelligence, ignorance, alertness, dullness? It seems impossible!

Two or three elements in common, however,

meet us as we gaze steadily at the man in the pew.

1. A congregation is not a mere haphazard collection of human beings. It is, in the first place, *a company of souls*; it is *a religious gathering*. What has brought all here together is just this—that they are men and women whose *very presence testifies to a sense of spiritual need*. They have not come to be amused with a play, or to hear about the weather, or to listen to a lecture on astronomy or socialism. What has brought one and all to this one place is—*religion*. It is about religion, therefore, in some aspect of its many-sided reality, that they want to hear. That defines the preacher's function, determines his choice of topic, and settles his manner of handling it.

2. Secondly, they have not come here to hear about religion in the abstract, nor about any or every religion in the concrete; *they have come expecting to hear about the Christian religion*,—in a word, about Jesus Christ, who He is, what He is to man, what He has done for men, what He can do for them, what He demands from them. This seems a great restriction of topic. Yet no sooner do we begin to handle it than we find vast horizons of thought lifting upon us; heaven, earth, and hell swim into sight; time and eternity mingle their solemn notes; for in dealing with Jesus Christ we ere long discover that we are dealing with the universe from the highest point of view, and the deep mysteries of God, as well as man, unfold their hidden depths to our gaze.

3. Thirdly, there is one feature of a congregation—of any and every congregation—which never comes to my mind, without being moved the red-ripe of my heart. This company of men and women, young men and maidens, boys and girls, have all come together *in a mood of spiritual receptivity*. They have not come, primarily at least, to criticise and find fault. They may do that—some of them—before they go out, or afterwards; but they have not come there for that purpose. They have come 'to have their higher nature stirred, awakened, inspired, renewed.'

This impulse may be overlaid by many other sentiments. Superficially some may be there from mere habit; for social reasons; for example's sake; for some subsidiary benefit. These, however, are but the accidents of the situation; they are not the deep, underlying ultimate fact. The one thing that explains and justifies their presence is that one and all, in the last resort, are here asking us to do them good, to make them good. Is there a situation in life like it?

Here is a group of our fellow-beings assembled under certain pre-arranged conditions, in a building consecrated to this one end, with all the appurtenances and associations of worship to their hand, and, for an hour and a half, they hand themselves over to us preachers in utter receptivity of attitude, mutely saying to us, 'Give us of your best of spiritual instruction, incentive, enrichment.' This, brethren, is what the situation means which meets us every time we get up to preach. It is a solemn, an august, a magnificent situation; and the man who can contemplate it without being moved and lifted into a determination to do his utmost to meet it—and that every time—is no true shepherd of souls, but a hireling.

II.

And now, we will leave the aspect of variety presented by a congregation, and after the manner of those photographers who take a composite picture of many individuals with a view to eliminating their differences and presenting a portrait of their resemblances, I will ask you to take the composite man in the pew, the common humanity he represents, in the rough (or rather in the mass), and note certain distinguishing aspects of his psychology, for a practical purpose, which will emerge as we proceed.

It is fashionable in these days to speak of man not only as the product of a long evolution, but as the subject of an evolution that is still going on. Humanity, we say, is not *made*; it is in the making. The man that was in the long bygone ages, is not the man that is; and the man that is, is not the man that is to be. Prehistoric man was scarcely removed from the brute—he was half-animal; ultimate man, as some day he will become, will be half-divine. Is it not Tennyson who sings:

Red of the Dawn!

Is it turning a fainter red? So be it, but when shall we lay

The ghost of the brute that is walking and haunting us yet, and be free?

In a hundred, a thousand winters? Ah! what will our children be,—

The men of a hundred thousand, a million summers away?

It is a stirring thought, this, that we men and women of to-day are but links in a chain, stages in a process which the race to which we belong is undergoing, of advance, of progress, not only in outward circumstances, but of inner essential nature! There is so much we would fain get rid of which we have inherited from the past; so much of the animal, behemoth, ape, serpent, tiger; so much indeed of primeval ooze and slime clinging on us, that we would do away with, which so far we cannot do more than chain up or keep in leash, in ourselves,—but which our far-distant progeny will have sloughed off completely, so that they will be human through and through and without qualification.

Let us hope all this is true. But is it *all* the truth? If there is much in which we have thus advanced, almost beyond belief on our forefathers, there is another side to the case. Go back as far as you like, wherever you come on traces of mankind, man is still man, and with a brain farther removed from that of the highest brute than the highest man's is removed from the lowest; with a mind that is essentially human; with a heart that throbs with human, and not merely animal, pulses; with a soul that is already grappling with the solemn mysteries of life and death and the hereafter. And though there is a side of our nature which has been all these millenniums steadily and swiftly developing, there is another side which seems to have come into being full-orbed with man's creation, and has not changed in its essence ever since. Man as intellectual has, let us grant, been in a sense evolving, but man in his equipment as a religious and moral being appears to be fundamentally the same in all ages and lands. His mind has grown, but his heart has stood still, or rather, it *has always been full-grown*. There are anthropologists and psychologists, indeed, who tell us that we have no evidence that even intellectually man has really developed within prehistoric times; his progress has been due not to altered mentality, or to the evolution of new faculties, but to two

simple, though mighty facts: first, he has learnt to share his life with his brother-man through language, each individual being thus made a free-man of the social life of his fellows; and secondly, he has mastered the art of retaining the results of the experience of past ages, so that each age starts where the last left off.

The point I am after is this—that there are two sides to our nature: a dynamic side, a side whose mark is differentiation, contrast, individuality; and a static side, whose feature is that it is the same in all men. Intellectually we differ vastly from one another, and from bygone ages.

But I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are ripened, with the process
of the suns.

But on our affective, sentient, feeling, organic side, we are one with each other, and with all men that ever were. My philosophy is different from Plato's, even from Hegel's; but my human feelings, my impulses, cravings, satisfactions, motives, passions, are the same as those of the earliest man and woman. When a man thinks, he is different from any one else; when a man is in love there is no difference between the thrill which Jacob felt when he first saw Rachel, and that which you and I felt when we saw our first sweetheart; and that other Rachel who would not be comforted as she wept over her dead was smitten with the same anguish as the latest mother who has lost her child. Archimedes, leaping out of the bath, crying, 'Eureka!' as the meaning of specific gravity flashed on him, and running naked through the streets of Syracuse; or Newton solving the problem of gravitation in watching the fall of an apple,—were super-men, whose genius you and I cannot share; but David fasting because his little child was dying, and Paul crying in exultation, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?'—do we not know how they *felt*, for have not many of us gone through the same experience of human anguish or spiritual triumph?

The same distinction runs through the great literature of the world. There are books (and great books) whose vogue is for the moment or the generation; there are greater books that are for all time; and the difference between them is that the transitory books, which presently will have only an historical or antiquarian interest, are

those that deal with the passing intellectual phases of life, while the books that abide for all time are those that deal with the communal, universally and changelessly *human* side of life. The former—to suggest at least a broad distinction—comprise the literature of thought; the latter constitute the literature of power. The science of the ancients bores me, for I have outgrown it; the love-poems, the sacred hymns, the tragedies, comedies, annals of these ancient peoples are perennially interesting, potent, moving, for in them I find echoes of my own failings, strivings, elemental emotions, loves, hatreds, ideals. That is why Æschylus, Plato, Horace, Augustine, Dante, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Scott, Dickens will always be read;—they strike the human note, they appeal to man as man. That is why the Bible is the greatest, the most perennial of books; from first to last, from Genesis to Revelation, it deals with the Universal Soul of the race 'in the light of God's countenance,' its fall, its rise, its aspirations, its spiritual triumph, its eternal destiny.

The question is, in preaching, *which of these two men*—the changing, intellectual man, or the unchanging, universal man—are *we after*? to which do we properly appeal? *To both*, you will rightly say. But to which essentially and primarily? I say most emphatically, not the man who *thinks*, but the man who *is*; not the man who doubts and questions, but the man who sins, repents, aspires, strives, falls, rises, conquers. Our essential objective (as preachers) is not the evolving brain, but the *heart*,—the troubled *heart*, out of which comes the bitter-sweet of life, and the *will*, the divided will, which aims so high in aspiration and effort, and often falls so low in attainment. The sermon, that is, belongs not to the literature of speech, of knowledge, of science; but to the literature, the speech, of power. Our essential aim as preachers is primarily not to *enlighten*, but to *move men to follow the light they have*; and though there is a side of light that is power, it is as power, not merely as light, we should handle it. The outward man lives by knowledge; the inner, abiding man, lives by love and hate, by 'aspiration and desire'; and it is *the inner man we are after*.

I call all the great preachers as witnesses on my side. Without exception, their sermons, however intellectual in mould, however illuminating in idea, are directed to awaken emotion, to quicken

the heart, to affect the conscience, to rouse the aspirations common to mankind. To repeat a phrase already used—they strike the human, the universal note. Great crowds follow these men, because they deal with that which is common to all crowds, because common to the race. They strike below the line of difference between one man and another, and reach that in them which makes them men. Luther, whose words were half-battles; Wesley, whose sermons subdued, controlled, persuaded, converted statesman and clodhopper, noble and plough-boy, scholar and boor; Beecher, who read the human soul like a book, and could play on all its strings of laughter or tears; Spurgeon, whose command over vast crowds was simply a command over the universal conscience and will; Robertson, whose delicate analytic gift was but a cloak for the impelling power of his human appeal; Parker, that Great-heart of the pulpit, whose rough humour and sometimes grotesque imagery concealed a tenderness and a pathos irresistible because so intensely and broadly human; these are a few of the men who made the pulpit the birthplace of souls and the nursery of nations, quickened to a new life under the spell of their potent and saving power. And their *differentia*, amid all their differences of creed, culture, and intellectual quality, was that they were above all *human* preachers; they struck the universal note and so touched the universal heart; they knew how to invest the ordinary facts and forces of life with eternal meanings;—they were one with the great Greek dramatist of whom Browning writes in his translation of *Balaustion's Adventure*:

Our Euripides the human
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to meet the spheres.

Why has this race of good preachers—for the time at least—died down? There are many reasons no doubt, the chief of which is that preachers like poets are born, and not made. When Nature makes great men, it has been said she breaks her moulds; 'there are no replicas of her frescoes.' But one subsidiary yet important reason is, I am persuaded, that we have for the time lost the right conception of the art of preaching. *We have unduly intellectualized the pulpit.* We are too much the exponents of religious problems, instead of being first and last

purveyors of religious power. We deal in 'aspects' of the gospel, instead of with its marrow and blood. We view life from an angle instead of full-orbed. We puzzle our hearers, instead of moving them to their depths. This is partly a reflexion of the transition-period in religious thought through which we are passing (through no fault of our own), but it is partly the result of a thoroughly vicious habit of mind—the habit, that is, of dealing with life analytically and piecemeal, instead of synthetically and as a whole. I sometimes wonder whether our methods of College training are entirely guiltless in this matter. We must beware of fostering the fallacy that the aim of our academic training is to make thinkers and theorists, and not men whose essential function is (*through thought*) to reach and renew the palpitating, suffering, sinning, aspiring *heart* of humanity. If so, we must recover our poise, and while thinking as earnestly, as clearly, as thoroughly as we can on the great mysteries of thought, remember that all our intellectual discipline is meant only to equip us for a better understanding of the actual life around us, which is the greatest mystery, and the most glorious reality the world contains. We must finally concentrate on *that*, and learn how to tap the fountains of power; how to rouse its capacities for holiness, love, purity, and passionate self-sacrifice, if we are to recover the great note in preaching. We do not need to think less, but to feel more. We do not need less criticism, but more constructiveness. We must not be less conscientious about our ideas, but more anxious about our ideals. Life is our subject, fundamentally, not thought; thought certainly, but only that we may the better grasp life in its solid content. A lady once told William James that she divided all philosophies into two classes—the 'thick' and the 'thin'; the thin were the intellectual systems; the thick were those that viewed life in its three dimensions of thought, feeling, will. That was a flash of intuition it would be well for us preachers to bear in mind. For there are *thin* and *thick* preachers as well as philosophers, and for the same reason. To the first class belong the preachers about whom, when we have described them as 'thoughtful,' we have said all there is to be said; to the second, those whose thought is contributory and ancillary to their gift of moving the whole living man to response to the appeal of the living God. I hope I am far from depreciating the place

of the intellect in the pulpit, but we have been its slaves long enough to know its desolating tyranny when allowed to usurp the throne. We do not live in ideas, however sacred a place they take in every fruitful life; it is our heart-throbs, not our brain-cells, that keep us humanly alive.

III.

Such a conception of preaching as I have thus imperfectly sketched is one that makes an enormous demand on our resources. It is quite easy—after a while—to develop two or even three trains of thought every week; but to *deal fruitfully with life in its manifoldness*,—that is a problem which will tax the best of us to the utmost. There is only one way of doing so. It is by *studying the man at the other end of the Sermon*, rather than the books that have been written about him. The true preacher is more interested in life than in literature—for literature is but the reflexion of life. Our pulpit will be effective only as we follow this principle; but if we do, if we study our people's minds, and find out what they are thinking about; if we study their concrete life, and realize its struggles, its difficulties, its happiness, its sorrow, its sins, its upward strivings; if we study their circumstances, and unthread the warp and woof of their daily doings; if in sympathy and love we vicariously live their lives with them, rejoicing in their joy, sorrowing with their griefs, sharing in their infinitely varied experiences,—if we do this on the one side, and then on the other master the secret of showing how the gospel meets them in all their need and longing after God, we shall not fail of a rich reward. For one thing, we shall find our work inexhaustibly interesting; and what is still more important, we shall master the secret of power as preachers.

I do not think I can afford to leave this point just there. There is *one* book—the Preacher's Book—which we must study patiently, eagerly, prayerfully, if we would attain to full knowledge of the Man in the Pew. That book is the Bible. It is a wonderful volume in every sense; but in nothing more wonderful than in the way it enables us to interpret that common human nature which makes all men akin. I have said that literature is only a reflexion of life. That is true of nearly all the books we read. It is scarcely true of the Bible. There we do not so much find life's

clearest mirror, as life itself, *under the light of God*. We may say what we like about its inspiration,—what we cannot get rid of is its *truth*. In it we find a marvellous portrait gallery of human life in all its phases, individual, social, national, cosmic. Its words find us in the innermost place. In sorrow, in joy; in elation, in disappointment; in despair of self, in passionate surrender to God; in every phase and mood of the soul,—the Bible finds us, haunts us, and masters us. We see there men in love, and in mortal combat; we see them befriending one another, and outwitting each other; we see them plotting each other's destruction, and we see them spending themselves for each other's salvation; we find them here blaspheming or ignoring God, there seeking Him and serving Him with their whole heart. And then on the other side we see God's search for and wrestling with mankind; His power over-awing them; His anger consuming them; His love wooing them back to Himself. There is no essential relationship between God and man which is not presented to us between the covers of this great book, which is the story of man's quest for God and of God's finding of man, and this not in abstract phrases, but in concrete historical movement. You will find no subject germane to the pulpit that is not suggested, illustrated, enforced in this miraculous book. Therefore if we would become effective preachers, we must be Biblical preachers through and through. There is no indictment which is more damning against the modern pulpit than that it has so largely neglected the Bible as its textbook, its *vade mecum*—and if I read the situation aright, there is no fact that is resented (even if he does not formulate his resentment into a definite criticism) by the man in the pew. The great preachers have been without exception Biblical preachers—whether topical or expository matters little—and we shall have no new race of preachers deserving the epithet 'great' till we return to the book and make it our treasury once more.

IV.

I come to my last point. Brethren, there are reasons for believing that there is a great hunger for the Word of the living God in the world just now. The old materialism, which made the thought of God impossible, is dead; agnosticism, which made it uncertain, is but a refuge for blinded

souls; naturalism, which would make it irrelevant, is dying. Through the fields of philosophy a fresh wind of spiritual freedom and enterprise has been recently blowing. Science has lost her crass note of gnostic self-sufficiency. Literature is 'seeking after a sign.' Poetry is wistfully sweeping the horizons of faith. The world is tired of negations, and is sick of the east wind of doubt. There is thus a clearer field for our sowing and reaping than for a long time past. If we rise to the occasion, there is a great opportunity of unknown possibility for preachers who have a full, glad, satisfying message, and who know how to deliver it. Truly, there is much on the surface of life just now to discourage us, especially since the devastating world-war; our churches are cold, our congregations meagre, the great world sweeps past our doors in apparent oblivion of our existence. Nevertheless, I hear 'the sound of abundance of rain.'

Oh Wind,

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

Are our young preachers ready for the coming opportunity? Their sufficiency is of God, and

not of themselves. Let not their academic training be a substitute for that inalienable self-training of mind and heart and spirit for their high calling without which all will be in vain. Remember that old Greek myth—how Prometheus could kindle no sacred flame on earth till he snatched it from heaven; he must needs climb where the gods were before he could light the fire which has never gone out on human hearths. He indeed stole the fire from an unwilling Olympus. We are in a better way. Our Prometheus came forth from the Father of lights; 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' And we are His messengers commissioned to carry the gospel light to every creature, and to kindle the responsive flame in human hearts the wide world over. Let us pray that we be worthy torch-bearers of the gospel. Torch-bearers?—nay, may our *lives* be the torches we carry, incandescent with the truth we proclaim, and the love we would share; so may we burn to the glory of God and the redemption of men till we burn out, and, dying, pass it on to a new race of preachers, who shall in turn pass it on to other ages.

Joshua and the Miracle of the Sun.

BY THE REVEREND GEORGE P. WALLACE, B.D., WARRINGTON.

ON reading the account of the battle of Gibeon as described in our version of the Old Testament (Jos 10¹⁻¹⁴) two points challenge attention by their peculiarity. The first of these is the mention of the moon in Joshua's prayer; the other is the extraordinary rendering of the Hebrew by 'and hasted not to go down about a whole day' (v.¹³). According to the view of the incident generally held, Joshua, anxious lest the day should be too short for the complete destruction of the enemy, prayed that the sun, already in the height of heaven, should not proceed to its setting as in the ordinary course, but should stand still. This prayer was answered, the sun remaining where it was for the space of a day. We can understand Joshua's prayer, hinged out of a passionate desire to complete the great work. It has often been our fate to desire the same thing and to wish that the sun would stay his course and prolong his blessed

ministry so that some pressing piece of work might be completed. But it is certain that on such occasions no thought of the moon was in our minds. Why should Joshua in the height of day think of the moon? Or of what assistance could the moon be to him? Further, to turn to the second point, why should the translators, even of the Revised Version, have rendered בּוֹא by 'go down'? Few verbs in Hebrew maintain so consistently their simple root idea. בּוֹא is always 'come.' Occasionally it may be rendered 'go.' But on all such occasions it is because the writer is regarding the action from the other end. The going from here is the coming yonder. And the other end is always mentioned, as in such expressions as, 'Whither shall I go,' 'to go to one's fathers,' which could be almost as well rendered, 'Whither shall I come,' 'to come to one's fathers.' In writing to arrange visits to friends at a distance

we have sometimes been uncertain whether to use the word 'go' or the word 'come.' We may equally well say, 'I shall go to-morrow' or 'I shall come to-morrow.' And it is only in such a connexion that the idea of going is ever associated with *בא*. It is quite impossible to use this word of the going down of the sun. One is forced to conclude that this phrase is quite out of keeping with the situation depicted in the story as commonly conceived and that it has simply been wrenched away from its true meaning in order to make it fit in.

Arrested by these two points, we are compelled to ask ourselves whether we have conceived the circumstances aright. We suggest here that they have been misunderstood, that what happened was something different from the familiar story. These difficulties disappear, and at the same time we are delivered from the burden of an inconceivable miracle, if we accept such an account of the events of that day as the following, which in some other points is truer to the Hebrew account than the common version.

By their defection and falling away to the invading force of Israel, the Gibeonites had brought upon themselves the combined hostility of the South Canaanite alliance. This sort of thing must be stopped. Gibeon must suffer *pour encourager les autres* who might be hesitating. A combined attack was made upon the traitorous city. The Gibeonites in desperation sent to Joshua for help. Joshua was at the time at Gilgal, about twenty miles to the east. It is probable that his army was unequal to the combined strength of the alliance. In any case a surprise attack would be sound military tactics. He resolved upon a night march, probably not leaving till after dark lest news should reach the enemy. He would get into position before dawn and use that commonest of military devices, an attack with the earliest light. As the march proceeded, the fatal possibilities, if he should not arrive in time, pressed upon the mind of the commander. Another danger threatened his plan. The moon was in her third quarter and her brilliant light might betray his approach just as really as the sun. And so the prayer was wrung from his anxiety that the morning might be cloudy or misty and so the darkness of night be prolonged. This happened. In the morning heavy clouds shadowed the sky, the forerunners, no doubt, of the storm of rain and

hail which later in the day proved so fatal to the Canaanites. Joshua's surprise was completely successful, and the enemy fled, probably without making almost any resistance, as is the habit of Eastern armies when surprised.

To what extent does the Biblical narrative support this view, which differs so widely from the common view, of what happened? The first part of the account (vv. 7-11) presents no difficulty. If anything, it supports it, because it tells that the Israelite army made their march by night and fell upon the enemy suddenly (v. 9).

After the bare historical account there comes the quotation from the poetical book of Jashar, which describes the miracle. In the English Version it stands thus: Joshua prayed, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Aijalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.' Even as it stands, this account is entirely consistent with the story suggested, while the reference to the moon now becomes extremely pertinent. If the moon appeared to be standing over Aijalon as the sun began to shine full upon Gibeon, that is, if the moon was to the west of the sun, then it was in its third quarter, and, as we have seen, became an extremely important factor in Joshua's plans. But an examination of the language strengthens still further the proposed account. The word rendered 'stand still,' addressed to the sun is *סם*, which means 'be silent' (cf. 'dumb'). Obviously the command, 'Be silent,' addressed to the sun would more naturally suggest 'refrain from shining; keep dark' than 'continue shining.' The word never means 'stand,' though it sometimes means 'cease' (as Ps 35¹⁵). So again, 'and the sun stood still'; read, 'and the sun was silent.' 'And the moon stayed.' Here we have the usual word 'stood' (*עמד*). But this word sometimes bears the meaning 'to cease' (Jon 1¹⁵, Gn 29³⁵). And, although in this case it is generally followed by the mention of the action which comes to an end, it can be used without it (2 K 4⁶). This might be more probable in poetry than in prose. On account of an unusual order of the words, it has been suggested that *עמו* (also) should be read in place of *עמד*. But the unusual order may be due to the poetical form. 'And the sun stood (*ויעמד*) in the midst of heaven.' This might again be rendered 'ceased';

but, as the sun had not begun to shine and therefore could not cease, it would be preferable to give the word its usual meaning. 'And the sun stood, or stayed (where it was, or as it was), in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to come as a perfect (or faultless, or normal) day.' We

have already seen how impossible is the A.V. rendering.

The whole Biblical narrative thus supports a rendering which converts the incident from an unacceptable legend to a very natural and probable story.

Entre Nous.

NEW POETRY.

George Mallam.

In *A Cycle of Sonnets, and Other Verse* (Blackwell; 2s. net), by Mr. George Mallam, the 'other verse' is good, but the sonnets are better. Of the twenty sonnets in the cycle let us quote the last:

PROOF.

Where all is flux of what can we be sure?
We cannot know, save by experiment,
Which oft experienced, to that fact is lent
The Seal of Truth for ever to endure.
Love given or withheld—oh, this we know
As surely true as science-boasted truth.
No sense confirms it; but the bitter ruth
Or radiant joy can never but be so.
That which the spirit takes in faith, it proves
By long experiment is ill or good;
And on the eternal values we must stake
Our character, which grows to what it loves.
Thus proving, in the providence of God,
What Love and Truth by His goodwill can
make.

David McEwen Osborne.

In *The Happy Hills, and Other Poems* (Bryce), Mr. David McEwen Osborne shows himself an easy versifier and something more. He takes his task lightly, but once or twice shows that he can finish a poem perfectly. This is perhaps not the most favourable but a fair example of his manner:

ANY CANTANKEROUS SCOT.

'Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediment.'

Oh, let me to the marriage of true minds
Declare impediment, and concord spurn;
For love and all the soft delights she finds
Are nought beside high words and ears that burn.
Oh, let me rather, lord of challenge hurled,
While other men like Rizzio touch the lute
Within the arras'd chambers of the world,
Engender and perpetuate dispute;
Expire the breath of life in wordy wars;
Seek Truth and slay and flay her and disjoint;
And 'neath the silent and ironic stars,
Argue the point, and subdivide the point,
And on each subdivision argue still,
Confounding black with white and good with ill.

J. C. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart's *Various Quills* (Stockwell; 4s. net) is a volume of 'Verses and Translations.' And both the verses and the translations are scholarly as well as poetical. Of the verses take this:

BENE VIXIT QUI BENE LATUIT.

I will lead a new life, and quiet shall be Lord
of it,

The rare life for living, the sober life to see,
Every gaudy, garish thing of earth shall be
abhorred of it,

The wreaths and the roaring, the prize and
the fee.

I will be an eremite, but cloistered in some
city's heart,

In it but not of it, near yet far away:
Spurning all its corporate joy, but keeping ever
Pity's heart,

The soft heart for sorrow, and tears for every
day.

Never in the daylight will I walk abroad to see
The world how it fareth, the times how they
go:

But haply in the evening there'll be something
rather odd to see

In lonely streets and alleys where phantom
shadows grow.

Ghosts of dead plays in the outer suburb
theatres

An hour shall beguile me, with ghostly music
thin:

Hecate presideth there and claims my homage
—be it hers!

Well lost the world is, and all the world's din.

I will lead a new life, and quiet shall be Lord
of it,

The rare life for living, the sober life to see.

Till Lethe's easeful waters shall bring the meet
reward of it:

From deep peace to deeper the faring shall be.

Of the translations take:

HADRIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Animula vagula blandula,
hospes comesque corporis,
quae nunc abibis in loca,
pallidula rigida nudula,
nec ut soles dabis iocos!

Dear little vagabond soul, would'st thou quit
The warm cheerful lodgment thou hast in this
clay?

All stark and all naked would'st phantom-like flit?
Are the old jests forgotten? Ah! whither away?

IF HADRIAN HAD BEEN IRISH.

Sowl o' mine, acushla, ye wanderin' varmint,
To quit frindly lodgin's an' visit strange climes,
All chitterin' an' frozen, wid niver a garment,
An' divil a joke to recall the owld times!

Madison Cawein.

Madison Cawein was much appreciated as a poet in his own city of Louisville, Kentucky, while he lived, and he is still more appreciated now that he is dead. In his lifetime the 'Literate' of the city presented him with a magnificent 'loving cup,' and themselves with a handsome bronze bust of

their poet. Since his death they have published a wonderful memorial volume, entitled *The Story of a Poet: Madison Cawein* (Louisville: Morton; \$6 net). This volume gives an account of 'his intimate life as revealed by his letters and other hitherto unpublished material, including reminiscences by his closest associates; also articles from Newspapers and Magazines, and a list of his poems by Otto A. Rothert.' The volume is issued by the Filson Club of which Mr. Rothert is secretary. There are more than sixty illustrations in the volume, showing Mr. Cawein in all ages and attitudes, his home, his haunts, his hand-writing, his loving cup, his bronze bust, and even his death mask. It includes all the letters recoverable that he ever wrote, estimates of his poetry in periodicals, appreciations of his friends, and even the names of those—a long list—who were invited to send tributes but did not do so. What more could his own townspeople do? One thing more. He is bitter about it. In letter after letter he makes complaint and without the smallest reserve. They could have bought his books.

'I am in great trouble. Reverses, financial, have come upon me that make it necessary for me to seek employment—something otherwise than poetry to do. No one but Mr. Noyes can make a living from the writing of poetry. I have tried to, but the cost of living is too high. I must find something else to do. Newspaper work I am not fitted for; I know nothing at all about it. I can write poetry—God, what a commentary on inability that is! Could there be anything worse in the eyes of the world! If I had devoted myself to medicine or to the law for the thirty years I have devoted myself to poetry, I would not be writing you thus, but be comfortably fixed in the goods of the world.'

That letter immediately precedes the one in which he thanks the Committee for his bust.

But about his poetry. Not much of it is quoted in this volume. One of the most highly thought of is entitled

THE MORNING ROAD.

The Morning drew a shawl
Of rosy lace around her,
And by the wood's high wall
Stood smiling, bright and tall,
When I, who heard her call,
Went forth and found her.

Upon the sun-kissed hill,
 And in the vale below,
 She laid a daffodil,
 Golden and chaste and still,
 And on the water-mill
 A rose of snow.

She said: 'At last you've come,
 And left the world's carouse,
 The palace and the slum;
 No more shall soul be dumb;
 I'll show you your new home,
 A pleasant house.'

She took me by the heart,
 And led a magic way,
 By paths that are a part
 Of Faeryland, and start
 From the forgotten mart
 Of Yesterday.

And when we'd gone a mile,
 She pointed me a place
 Where overhung a smile;
 And on its sill and stile
 A promise, without guile,
 As of a face.

And in the doorway there,
 A baby at her breast,
 One stood, quite young and fair,
 Peace, with the golden hair,
 Peace, that knows naught of care,
 But only rest.

I knew at once 'twas she,
 For whom all mortals long,
 Who with Simplicity,
 And Faith, that's sweet to see,
 Dwells, guarding constantly
 Her child named Song.

She bade me enter in;
 Sit by her quiet fire;
 Forget the world of din,
 And safe from hate and sin,
 With her and Song to win
 My heart's desire.

Grace Rhys.

Miss Grace Rhys had gathered *The Children's Garland of Verse* (7s. 6d. net), and Messrs. Dent

have published the book most attractively. The net has been thrown wide and has gathered of all kinds. How old is the child to be that understands Clough's

Say not, the struggle naught availeth?
 How young that appreciates

Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon croon?

Between those two, vast is the range of possible poetry.

The question rises: Is it of or for children? Sometimes the poem is clearly for the child, sometimes as clearly for the parent. But sometimes it may be good for both, and that is the editor's vindication. There is William Barnes's 'Readen ov a Head-Stwone' for example:

As I wer readén ov a stwone
 In Grenley churchyard, all alwone,
 A little maïd ran up, wi' pride
 To zee me there; an' push'd azide
 A bunch o' bennets, that did hide
 A verse her father, as she zaid,
 Put up above her mother's head
 To tell how much he loved her.

The verse were short, but very good,
 I stood an' learn'd en where I stood,
 'Mid God, dear Meäry, gi'e me greäce
 To vind, like thee, a better pleäce,
 Where I, oonce mwore, mid zee thy feäce;
 An' bring thy childern up, to know
 His word, that they mid come an' show
 Thy soul how much I loved thee.'

'Where's father, then,' I zaid, 'my chile?'
 'Dead, too,' she answer'd wi' a smile:
 'An' I an' brother Jem do bide
 At Betty White's, o' tother zide
 O' road.'—'Mid He, my chile,' I cried,
 'That's father to the fatherless
 Become thy father now, an' bless,
 An' keep, an' lead, an' love thee.'

—Though she've a-lost, I thought so much,
 Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch
 Her litsome heart, by day or night;
 An' zoo, if we could teäke it right,
 Do show He'll meäke his burdens light
 To weaker souls: an' that His smile
 Is sweet upon a little chile
 When thy be dead that loved it.

Claude Colleer Abbott.

Mr. Basil Blackwell of Oxford has published a volume of *Poems* by Claude Colleer Abbott, gathered from the Cambridge Magazine and other periodicals, and well worth the gathering (5s. net). The variety of metre is great, but in all forms the command is undisputed. This short, sharp expression of more than a passing mood will serve for fair example. It is called

PROGRESSION

FOR CLIFFORD BRETTELLE.

We meet, we pass,
Or pause and turn again.
A moment stay,
Then blindly journey on.

A little give
To many, more to some.
They tender us
A word, a look, a song.
We people all
Our little world with ghosts.
As we are deaf
So are they dumb, aloof.

Something we know
Of many, much of none.
The secret self
In them, in us, unwon.

G. C. Duggan.

Here is a surprise. You have never heard the name of G. C. Duggan. But he is a poet. He is a poet who rises so completely above the crowd of poets whom the War has brought us that he deserves another name. Call him poet: call them verse-makers in comparison. And of course he is an Irishman.

The Watchers on Gallipoli he calls his book (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.; 2s. 6d.). For it is one poem in separate cantos, each canto in its own versification. Two short pieces only are added at the end.

We quote one canto, the xiiith, not as most musical, but as most detachable:

Just a few days of dreaming,
Of all I might have been
In the short life God gave me,
That wakening between
The sleep before and after:
I have loved life, yet is
A greater love—to yield its
Joy, to forego its kiss.

I heard the great adventure
Afoot: I lightly came
Half for the joy of doing
And half for burning shame
To hear a maiden country
Wail in a summer night:
Yet now I know God called me
For service in His sight.

Through the long winter dimly
I groped to learn why men
Writhed in a barren anguish,
Choked in a Flanders fen,
Till when the spring made life sweet
For such as I am, stole
As knowledge of the purpose.
It flooded through my soul.

To give my life for others,
For children yet unborn,
For comrades who would save me,
To know it is no scorn
To serve, to hold one purpose—
Losing the world, to find
My own soul—this shone out where
Before the dark lay blind.

Therefore I go to succour.
And what if they and I
Fail? We will hear the bugles
Of victory peal high,
Sending beyond the shadows
A music that makes sweet
The pain of self-surrender
And conquest of defeat.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,
and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,
Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.